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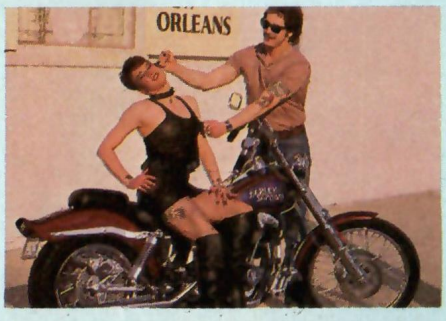

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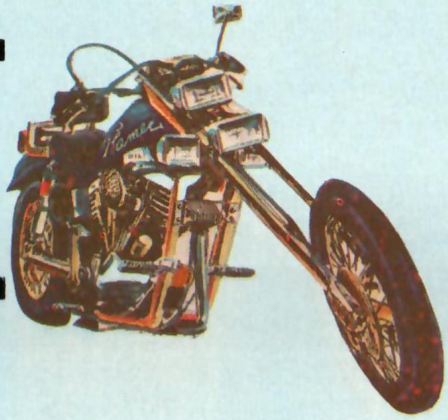

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Back Talk

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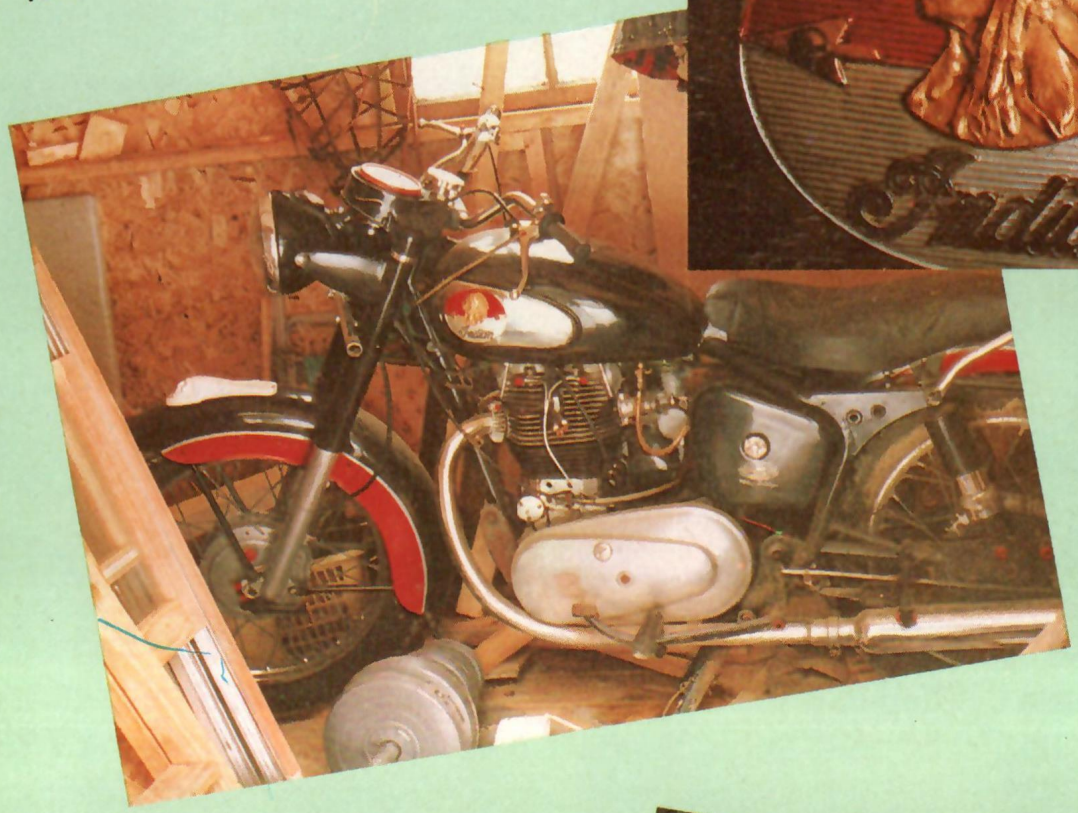


Big Thank You

I think your rag is #1 along with ER and I'm writing to say 'Thanks' to Pioneer Harley-Davidson, Inc. in Bernardston for helping me in purchasing my first Harley. I'd like to thank Mike Chrochler the sales rep cause without him it never would've happened. Keep up the good work.

Fozzie, Springfield, MA

P.S. I enclosed two photos of a '57 Indian we restored.

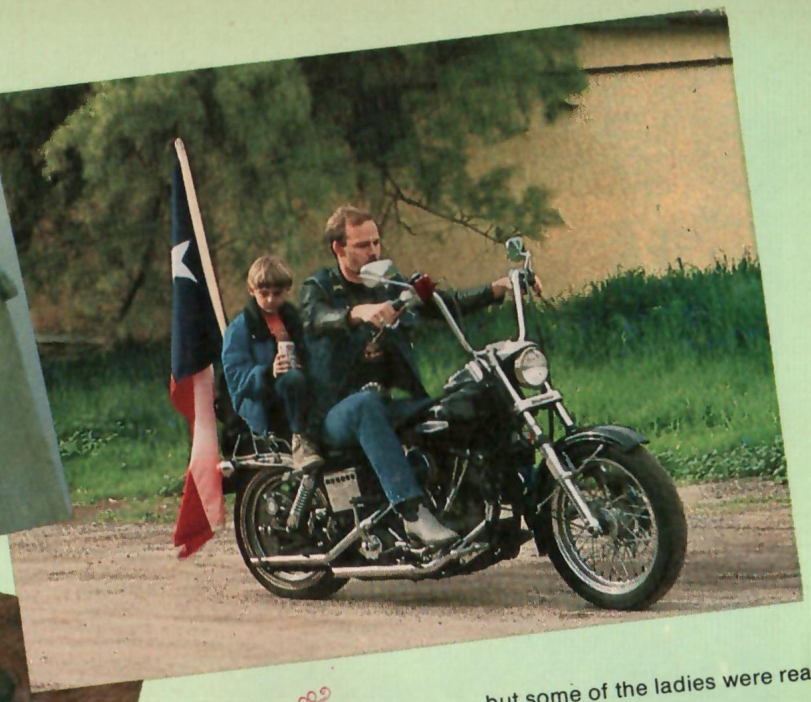
Not everybody who buys a new Harley is a yuppie. Hope you guys in Milwaukee are listenin, — Ed.

Cute Chick's Flix

I figured I'd send ya these picks of my ol lady for your mag. Can ya use em?

Jim Armer, Anywhere USA

We can always use flix of cute chicks. — Ed.



Fightin Words
Here are some pics I took when we had a local run at our favorite bar. Only had 100 or so make it but some of the ladies were real fine. Ride easy.
Paul Lewis, Morono, CA

You got that right, bro! — Ed

Upcoming Toy Run
I am writing to you with the hope that you can help me out. My name is Doc and I'm the organizer of a toy-run in Queens, N.Y. naturally called "Toys for Tots". I've been doing this run for five years now, and it's grown from a mere 40 bikes in 1981 to 350 in 1985.

This year the date is December 7, 1986, and it's at Glenn's bar in Richmond Hill, Queens on the corner of Hillside and Myrtle Avenues. We then go to the Bernard Feinstein Institute for children in Howard Beach, Queens. We hope you'll be able to help us help the kids.
Doc Martuscello, Richmond Hill, NY

Any bros in the NYC or Long Island area who can make Doc's toy-run should definitely check it out. It gets bigger and better every year and the bash at Glenn's afterward is one hell of a party. Nothin like getting hung-over for a good cause. — Ed.

Wants A Spread
The other day on the way to work, I picked up your Oct. '86 rag and didn't get a chance to check it out until we took our mandatory doobie break at 10:00.

First, I checked out the spread with Marilyn Chambers which was A-1. Then, while I was checkin out some of the other cuties, I noticed a shot of a chick on page 3. Well, this is the first and only time I've ever laid eyes on a goddess. Now I know where the saying, "a place for everything and everything in its place" comes from.

Some more info and maybe a spread on this lady would be appreciated.
Midnight Angel, Newcastle, PA

P.S. She has a reserved seat on my scoot anytime she needs it.

If you're interested in seein "everything in its place", then we suggest you get a copy of the "Scooter Trash" video, in which the luscious lady is question exhibits all the spread you'd ever want. — Ed.

Glad To Be Back
Glad to see you fuckers back on the stands. I was gettin sick of havin to read those other scooter rags. One of those California rags has really changed it colors or somethin. It looks like it's become part of the Harley conspiracy to go after the yuppie bucks and leave the real bikers behind, the ones who made them what they are today. If that's what they want let em go for it. I ain't gonna waste any of my money on a phony rag that caters to wannabe weekend bikers. Not as long as good ol sleazy Iron Horse is stinkin up the stands. keep up the good work.
Jeff Reed, Bronx NY

New Hog
I just got a look at the new Low Rider for '87 in one of the pro-Jap bike rags and my eyes are still buggin out. Man, that is one beautiful motorcycle, it almost makes me want to part with my hard startin '68 XLCH. I can't see ridin a Harley without a kicker though. I don't know about the nine thousand bucks they want for it, but I sure like lookin at the thing. I guess it's just a matter of time before the japs offer one of them copycat models complete with imitation leather plastic tank strip, and their own one piece drag bars.
Red Dog, Lawrence, KS

Back Talk

What's up bros? Here's some flix of some great bros and sisters up in Alaska. They call me Hippy the Photo Dog. I'm up on a '58 Pan in the runnin free world of Alaska. Feel free to print any or all of these flix.
Hippy, Alaska

TAINTED LOVE

Words by Top Hat

Except for maybe hula hoops, if ya wait long enough ya find that everything comes back into style. Sometimes ya wish the shit had stayed lost forever, but other times it's like seein an old friend that ya don't owe money to. As I get to be an older fart it happens more and more often. In a way it makes me feel like reachin for the Geritol, but mostly I got to say Im goddamn happy to see blue dots poppin up in the middle of taillight lenses again. Mike Boog, the owner of this righteous shovel, laughed when I mentioned his blued-out red eye. "You usually only see them on bikes where the guy's so legal he doesn't care if he gets pulled over or when the guy's been around for a while."

Mike falls into the been-around-for-a-while class, with fifteen years of puttin behind him, most of it on Harleys Before he got this shovel he was smokin pavement on a couple pans, one a '52 that he kept for nine years. Which was long enough. "I just felt like I needed a change," he said. "So I traded the running pan for this in a basket." A straight-across trade, and for the good kind of basket: "It wasn't crashed, the guy just took it apart and couldn't put it back together." Sorta like Humpty Dumpty. He needed cash or a running bike.

So the bike and the boxes changed hands. Eight months, a helluva lot of work, and a couple grand later, Mike came up with the double-sweet machine ya see here. The "Tainted Love" scripted on the rear fender tip? "That's because a series of girl-friends helped me put it together, and I thought it'd be ironic to call it that." Lemme see, he keeps one pan for nine years and has a series of girlfriends over eight months ...

He musta had to train each one of 'em, give em a little bitty paintbrush and some paint, point out all the spots that need a dab. Hell, even the insides of the allen-heads are all painted red. While they were doin that he could run around and get other shit like the red tie wraps. And keep after his partner, Byrd, who did the carving and painting on the seat, worry about the anodizing and engraving — shit, there's so much interestin stuff on this bike it makes my toenails curl. And all that's only on the outside. When ya check out the tech sheet ya find he paid the same detail-freak's fanatic attention to the engine and tranny; in fact to all the running gear. Ya don't find one slouch department.

But Mike says it's not done yet. I don't know what he's got in mind, but he's gonna get around to it pretty soon. "I got some time to work on it now," he said. See, Mike tattoos for Fantasy Illustrations in St. Paul, and it seems he put himself out of a job for a while by shooting himself in the hand.

What the hell, it's the kind of thing that could happen to anybody. Mike is as dedicated to his tattoo work as he is to his Harley. One night when he stayed late at the shop he heard a noise in the parking lot and found his car door open, the dome light on, and nobody around. The next night,

Some bros never have a dull moment

Photos by W.W.

another bunch of noises — some dudes that shouldn't have been were messin around the parking lot. Mike went out with a .380 No Trespassing sign, wearing a new pair of boots. A *very* new pair of boots. So very new that they still had the shellac on the soles. Ya know what that's like, ya feel like you're roller skating around the inside of a bearing race. He slipped and pegged himself in the paw.

Nothing serious, just what ya might call your temporary disability. Enough to keep him from tattooing for a while, but not so bad that it clouds his future as either an artist or a biker. Mike intends to be around for a heap more years, in fact, plenty long enough for blued-out taillights to sink out of style again and then float back up with a whole new generation of Harley riders. □

TECH SHEET

Owner: Mike Boog
City: St. Paul MN

General
Fabrication by: Owner
Year and Make: 1979 H-D
Model: FLH
Value: about $10,000
Assembly By: Owner
Chroming: Brown

Engine
Year: 1979
Model: Shovelhead
Rebuilder: Guy Greene
Ignition: Accel
Displacement: 80 cu. in.
Lower End: Delcron
Balancing: no
Pistons: S&S
Cases: Delcron
Heads: stock
Cams: Sifton 440 Cobra
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carbs: S&S
Air Cleaner: S&S
Pipes: I forgot
Mufflers: none

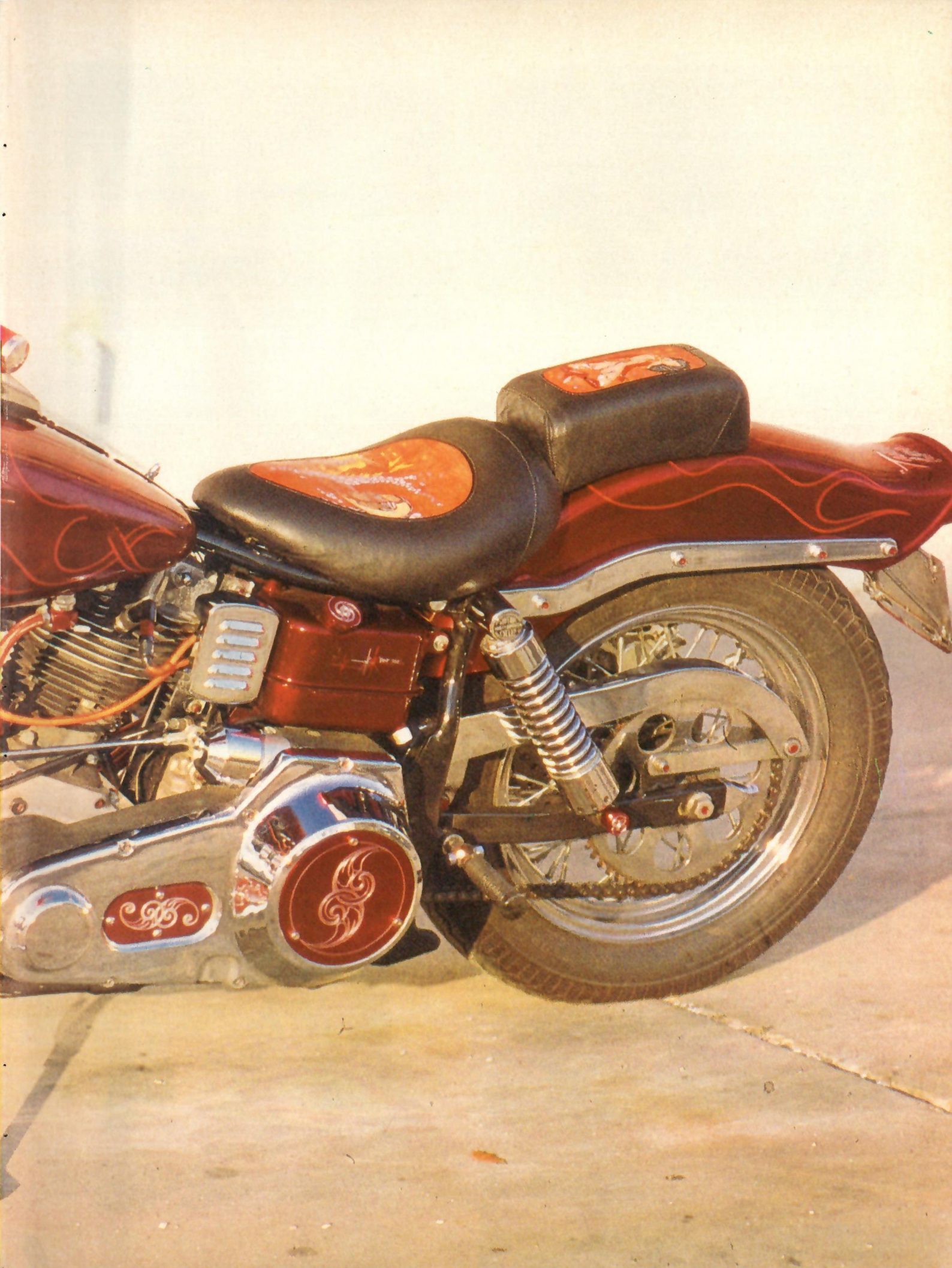
Tranny
Modifications: Andrews gears
Year: 1979
Shifting: foot
Painting
Molding: owner
Painter: Mallard Teal
Color: Brandywine and Brandywine w/silver base
Type: Imron
Special Paint: Flames and striping

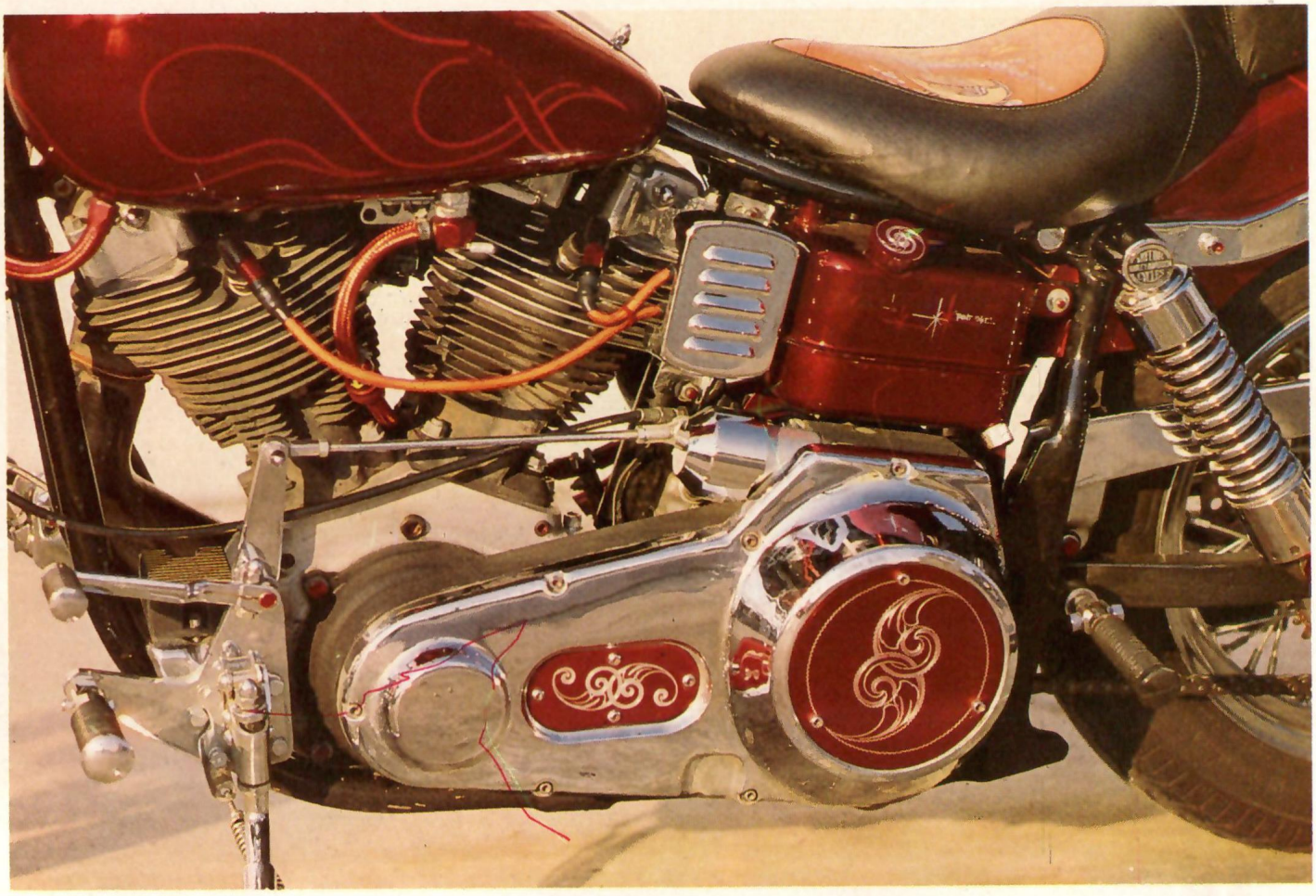
Forks
Type: Super Glide
Extension: None
Builder: H-D
Special Features: Wide Glide trees

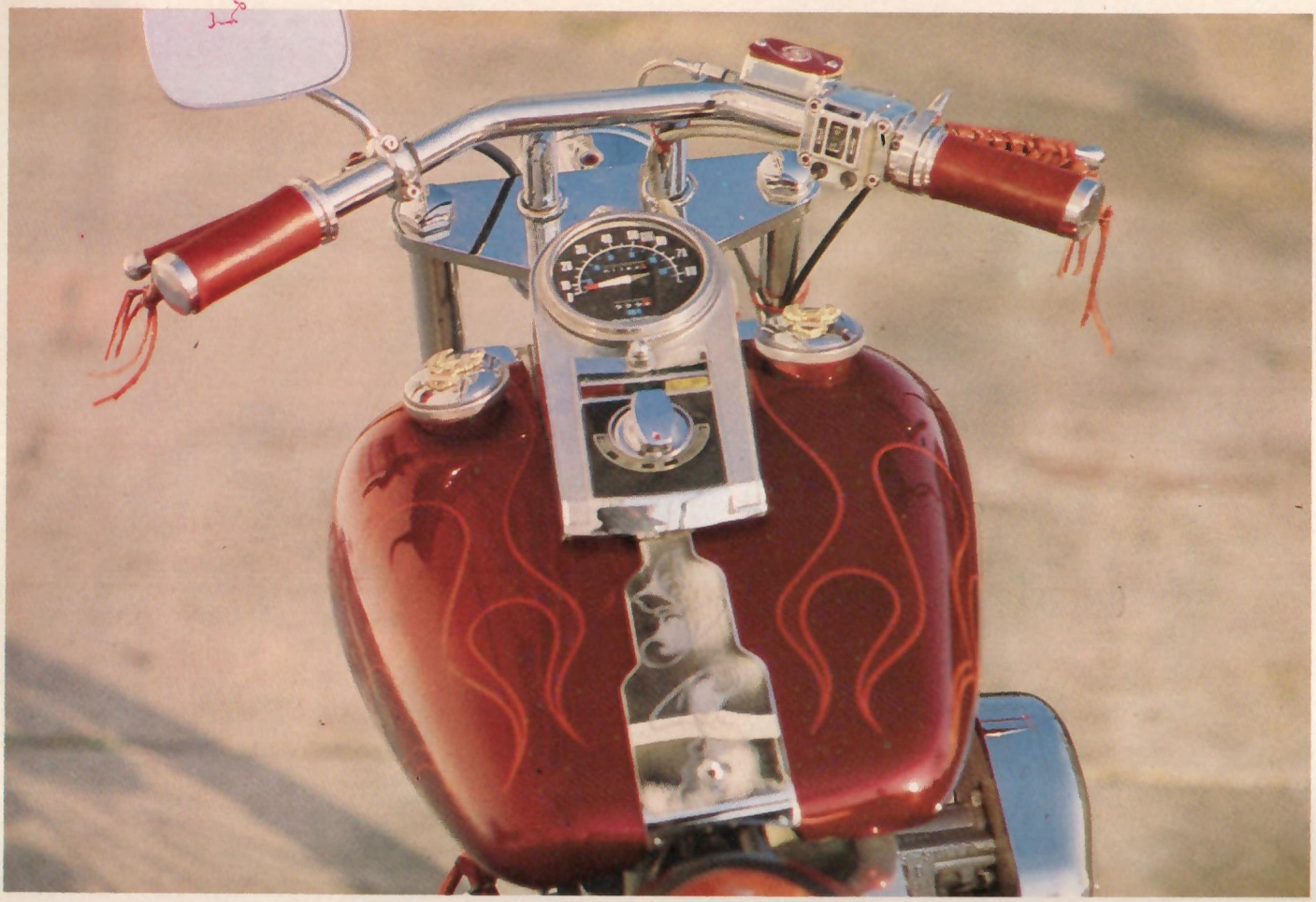
Wheels
Front Wheel: 21"
Rear Wheel: I forgot
Front Hub: stock
Rear Hub: stock
Front Tire: Goodyear Eagle
Rear Tire: Goodyear Eagle
Front Brake: stock
Rear Brake: PM

Frame
Year: 1979
Builder: H-D
Type: swingarm
Rake: six degrees
Stretch: some
Other Alterations:

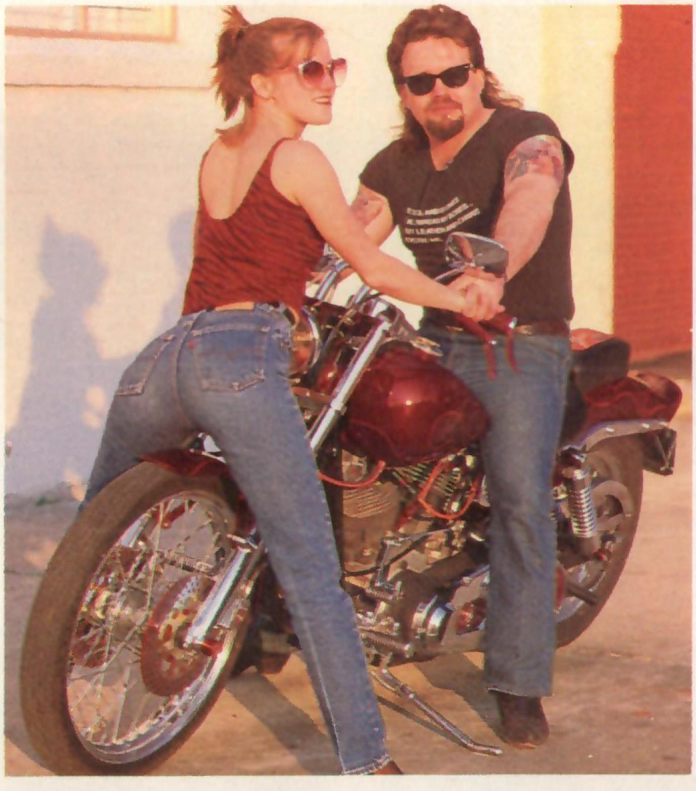
Accessories
Bars: drag
Risers: none
Fenders: H-D
Headlight: quartz halogen
Taillight: blue dot
Speedo: doesn't work
Front Pegs: Sundance
Rear Pegs: H-D
Electrics: yeah
Gas Tank: H-D
Oil Tank: H-D
Oil System: stock
Primary Cover: stock
Seat: Byrd of St. Paul and Tuck and Roll Inc.

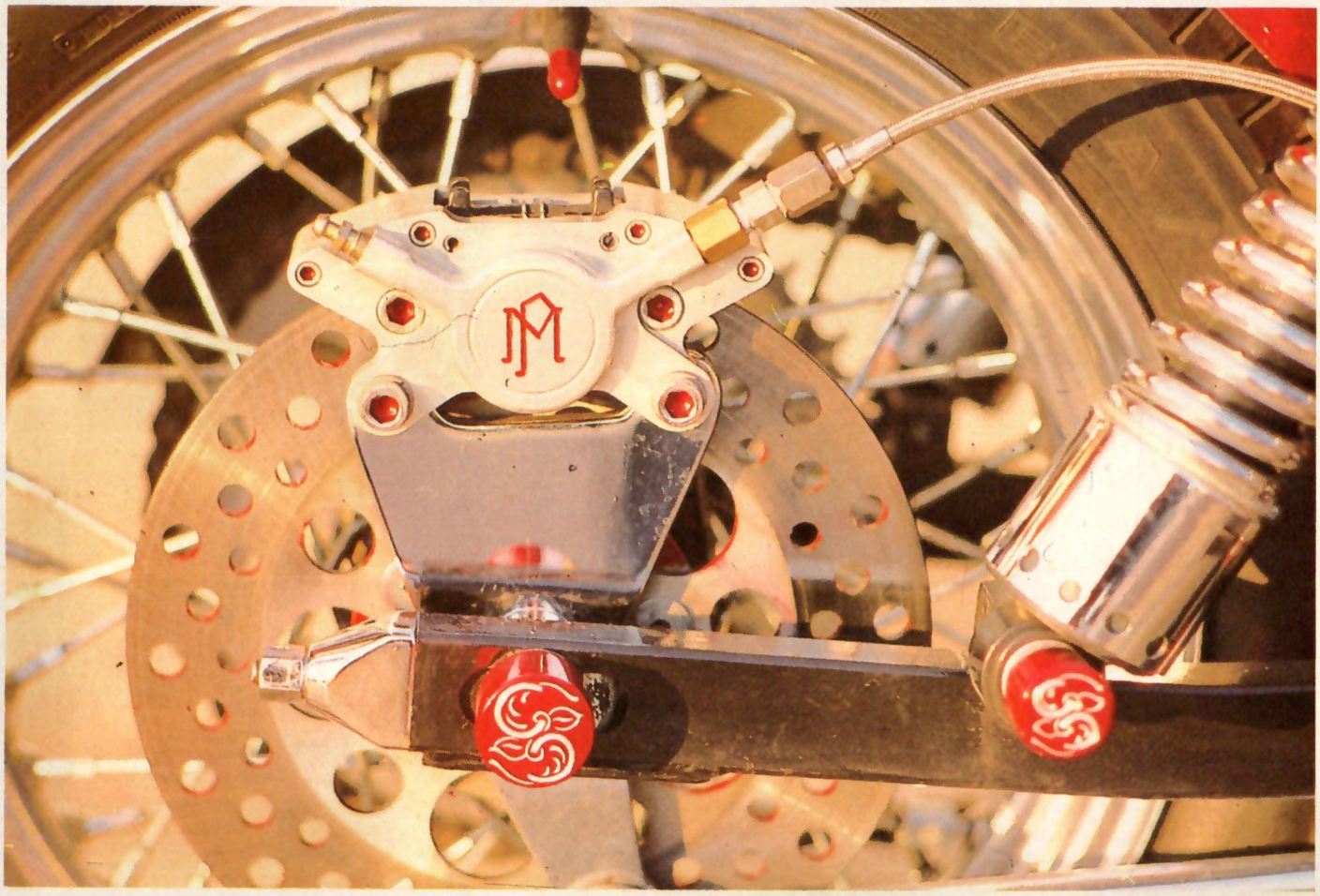


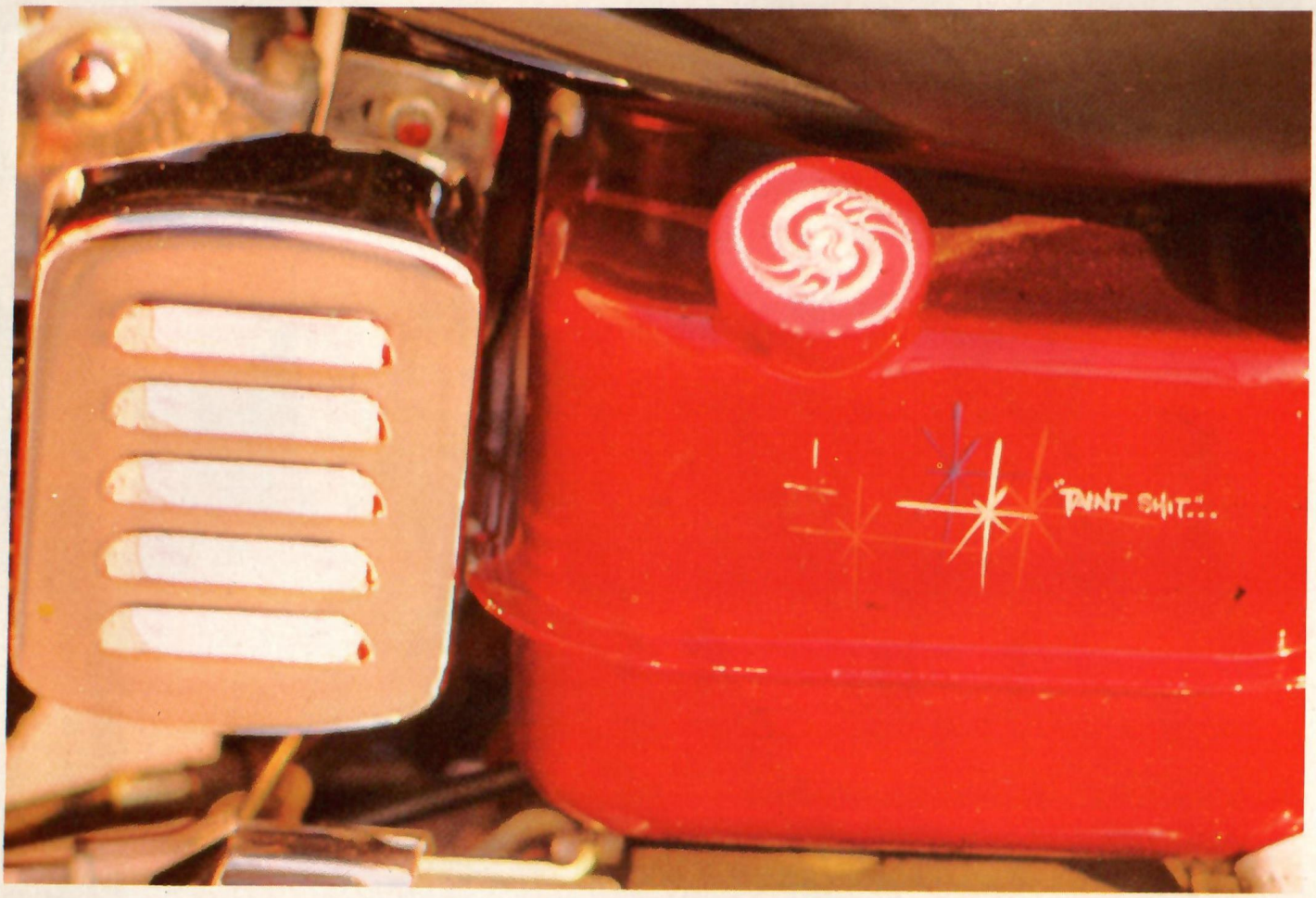




"Tainted
Love..."






"PAINT SHIT..."

LEONE'S GOT A DAUGHTER

By Uncle Bill

There must be a hundred prisons named Jaskson in the continental U.S.A. but one of them is my current home. It's an ancient and crumbling old fortress of a prison just off Hwy. 94 "across the street" roughly from the state loonie-bin. I was convicted of armed robbery in Orlando in 1978. Now those of you who know some law might be saying to yourselves, what's an armed robber doing eight year for in these liberal and modern times. But listen ... I can explain ... it's not my fault. My "faithful" old lady was visiting me regularly and expressing to me her heartfelt affection on top of arranging for me to get my personal dope and this went on for my first four locked down years. However, on the eve of my first bona fide parole hearing she felt compelled, probably by her genuine feelings of love, to describe in vivid and glowing detail the true love-making of eight years with my partner, who incidently was the guy I was taking the rap for. I was so stunned that she got half way through telling me that sexual fulfillment for her required a cuckold to laugh about it with her master. Anyway, the next morning when the screw brought me into the hearing I was wearing filthy, ragged jeans, and my shoulder length blond hair looked pretty shitty, and I wasn't shaved, and I was wolfing a Pall Mall with the sheer intensity that only an eight mile high speed freak possesses. My brown eyes were a trifle glassy. Now, God at parole hearings at Jackson Maximum Security Pen is a tiny little man named Thorton who's characteristic trade-mark is the way he uses his scrawny ugly, bony hands. While he conducts each hearing in his rasping monotone, he always keeps both hands palm down, flat on the table with his fingers spread ... but when he comes to the part of the hearing that he enjoys the most, both his bird fingers start to pop up and down to give emphasis to what he feels the con should pay most attention to.

H'okay fine ... the first ten minutes went swimmingly well considering the circumstances. Of course the air got a little thick which may have seemed strange to the casual observer considering that I was the only one in the room smoking; then old Thorton got down to brass tacks. "Ahhhh Mr. Peablender ... it seems to me that you're personal hygiene has taken a turn for the worse ... grooming and health really go hand in hand." (Both his fingers simultaneously popped up on the words hygiene and really). "First of all your honor ... you're absolutely correct ... but it's not entirely my fault and I can explain ... my beautiful young wife just left me, and I have just lived through the worst night of my life. I know perfectly well that you ladies and gentlemen do not want to see a grown man bawling so I won't go into the details but in short your honor ... despair has spoiled my personal hygiene." "Ahhhhh ... Mr. Peablender ... is ahhhh there something wrong with your eyes." "Periorbital edema your honor ... " "I don't remember your eyes looking like that last hearing." "Well your honor ... it comes and goes ... intermittant medical dis-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

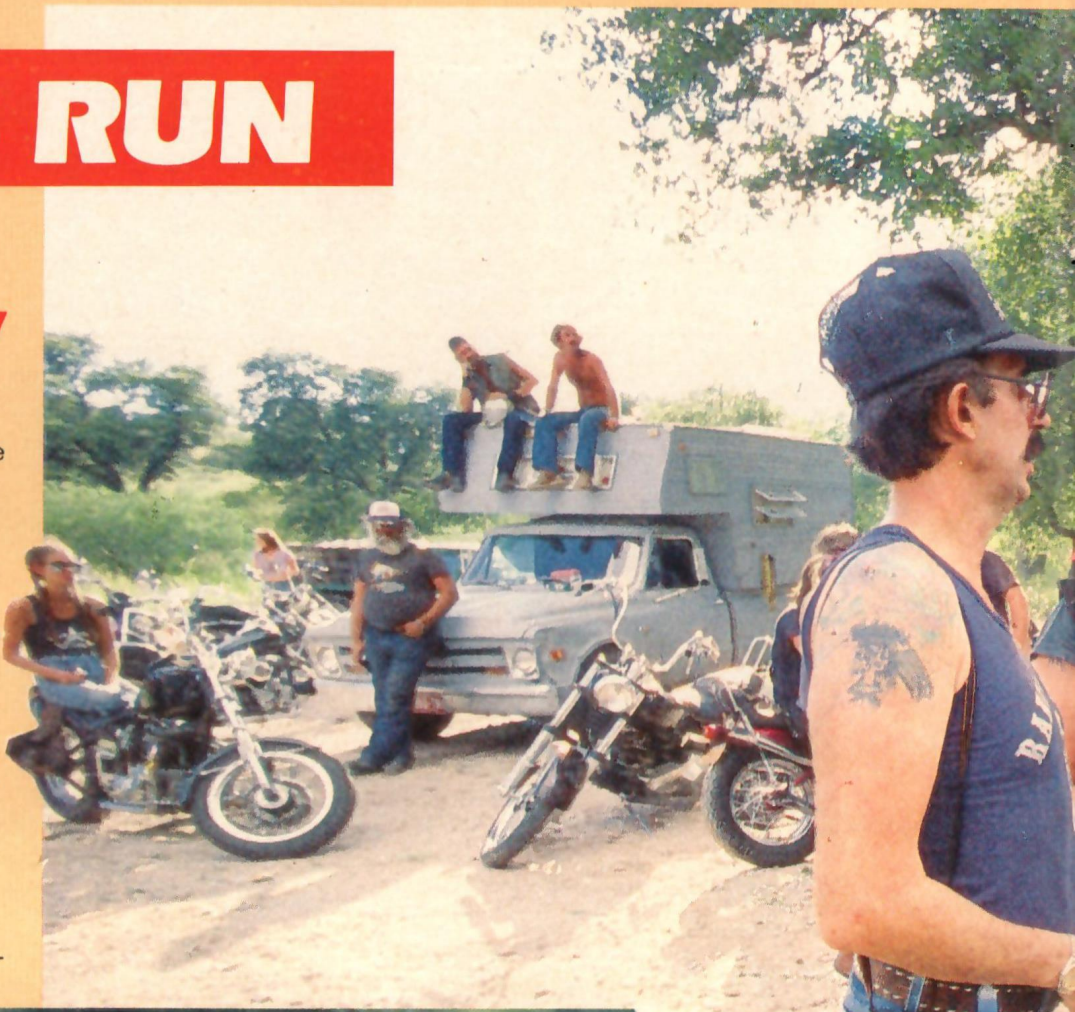
HUNS RUN

Bustin Loose on Labor Day

Out there in the desert where it's hot enough to grill a gila monster's gonads and sizzle the on a sidewinder, the Huns rattle the cactus each and every Labor Day, throwin a liver-quiverin, beer-swillin, titty-grabbin southwestern run — a balls out party that's open to the public.

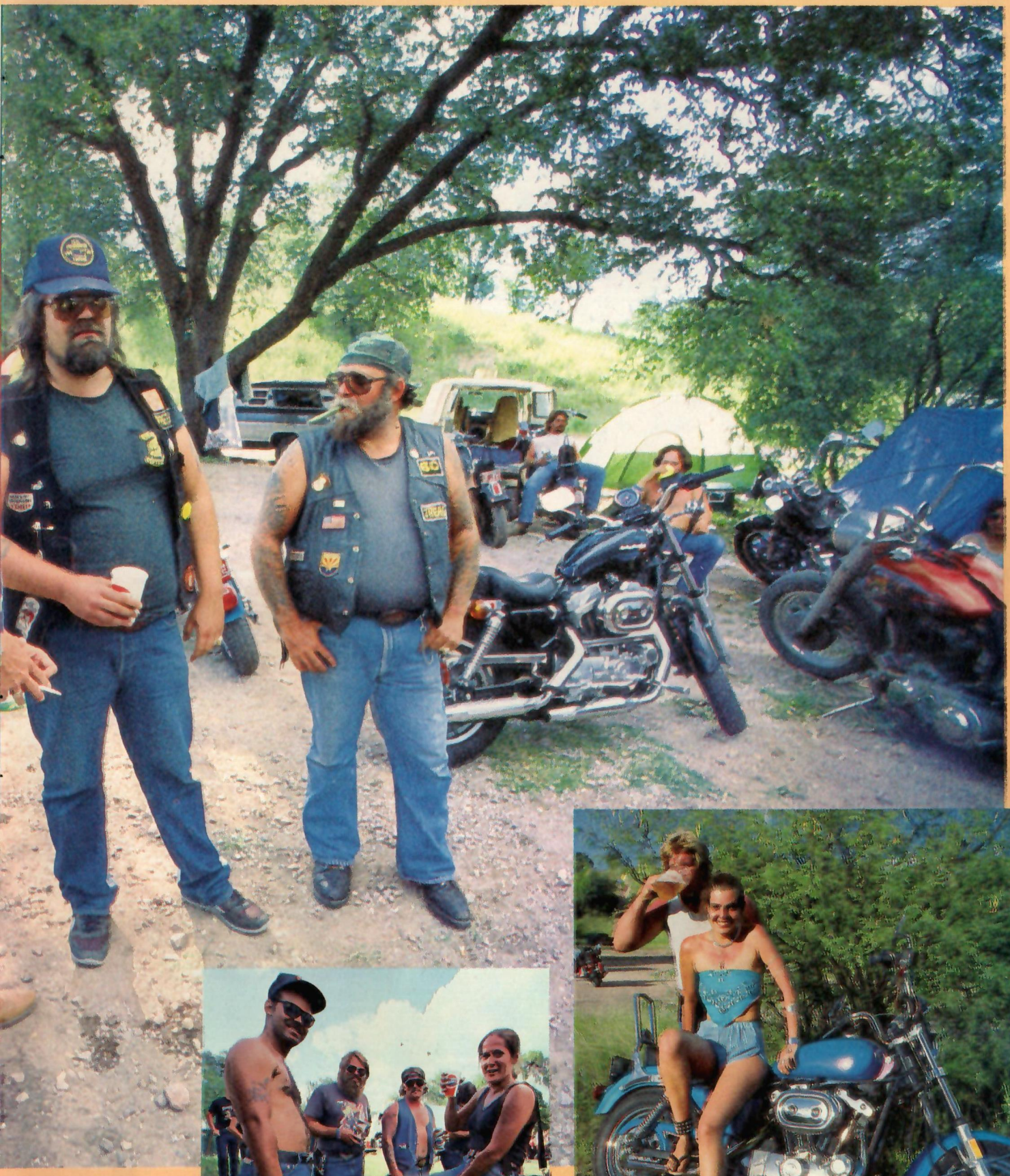
"We're trying to show people what it's all about," said Bear, the Huns national president, "to show they can have a good time without the fights."

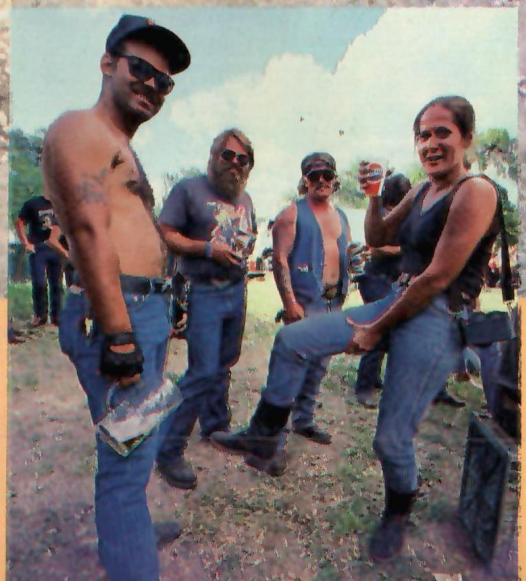
Eyeballin these flicks, ya can see that "good time" might be a tad of an understatement. This here blast, the 18th annual edition, brought the dozens of Huns chapters from thoughout the southwest and about 500 partydown guests to Pena Blanca Lake for three days of brain-fizzlin action. Peaceful ac-

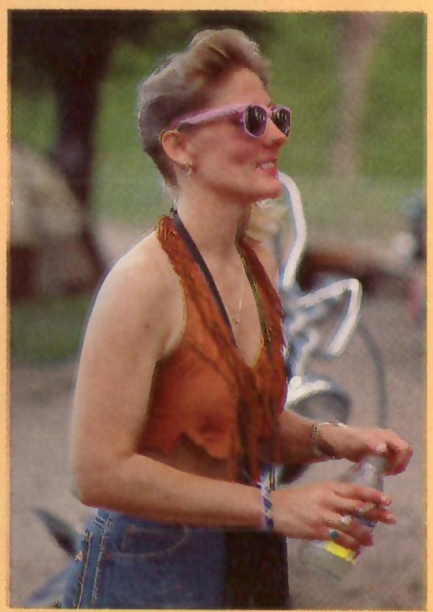


Words by Stormy Monday

Photos by W.W.







tion, as Bear emphasized: "We have tight security. You fight and you're out." The same security bros make sure no one gets themselves popped by riding out fucked up.

Gettin fucked up inside ain't a problem at all, though. The $15 per person / $25 per couple admission included three meals (what the hell, it's one a day — how often ya gotta eat?) and a free ride on 100 kegs of beer. (A hundred kegs ... hey, man, willya fill up this wading pool for me? And another wading pool for my partner here. All this dust, ya know?) If ya couldn't beat your kidneys inta Malt-O-Meal with all that beer, they had a full bar too.

And if them kidneys were still on their feet and breathin after the bar, ya could go with another old-timey approach to permanent damage, like enterin the tire

drags or one of the other field events. For spectatin, there was the bike show (fifteen trophies were handed out in the field events and the bike show) and the Fine Form Contest.

Don't forget the Fine Form Contest. I don't know what they feed the chicks down there (beside the obvious, I mean), but whatever it is, ya can see it's goddamn good for growing grade-A ... well, I was gonna name a couple specific female body parts there, but lookin again I think ya gotta allow that it's good for the whole package. Very good. Competition was hot, and the winnin honeypot twitched off the stage 200 bones richer. The stage came in handy later for the live music of Randy Hansen of Tucson. It just ain't a party without a band.

I tell ya, the Huns don't do nothin

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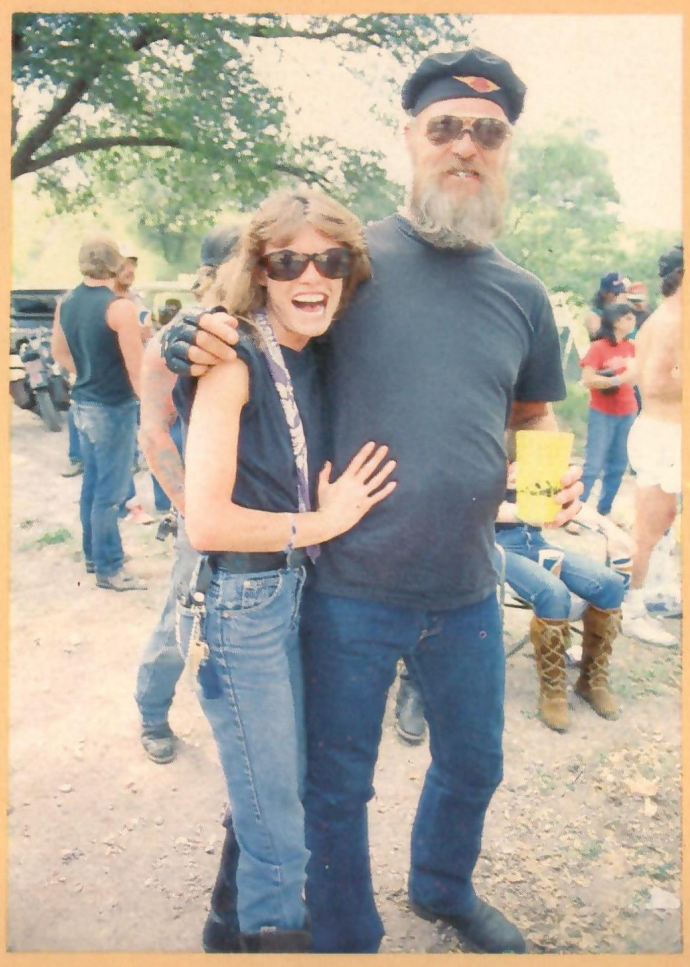
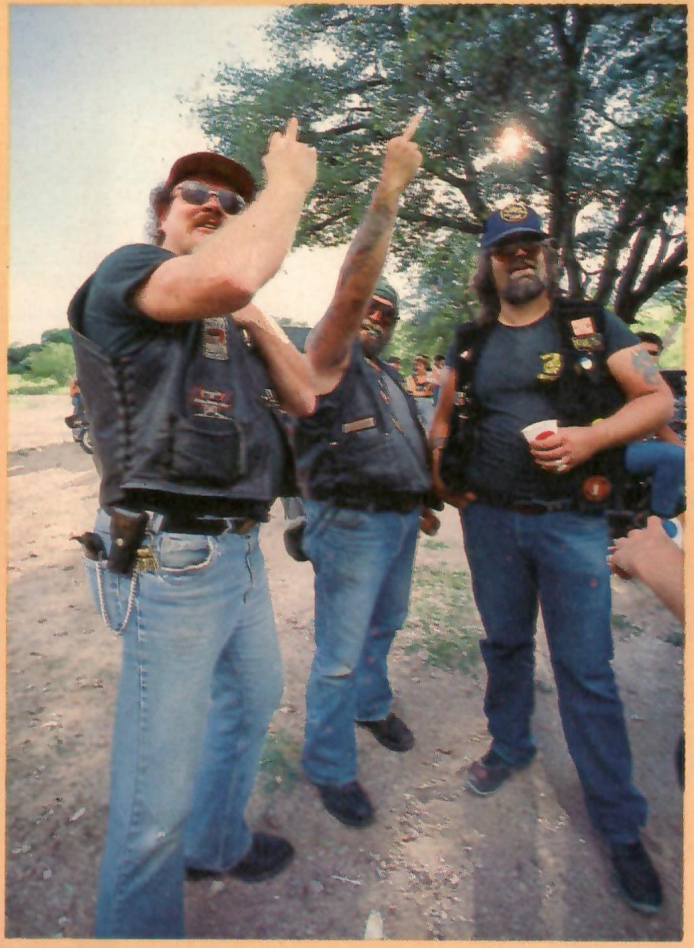
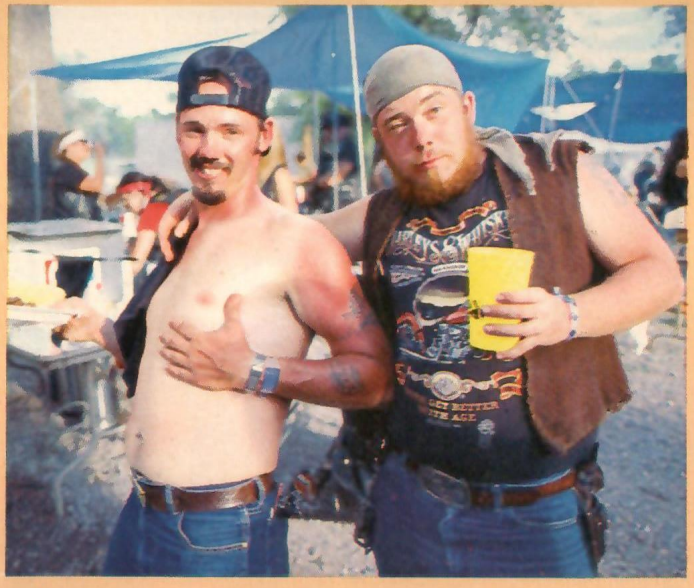
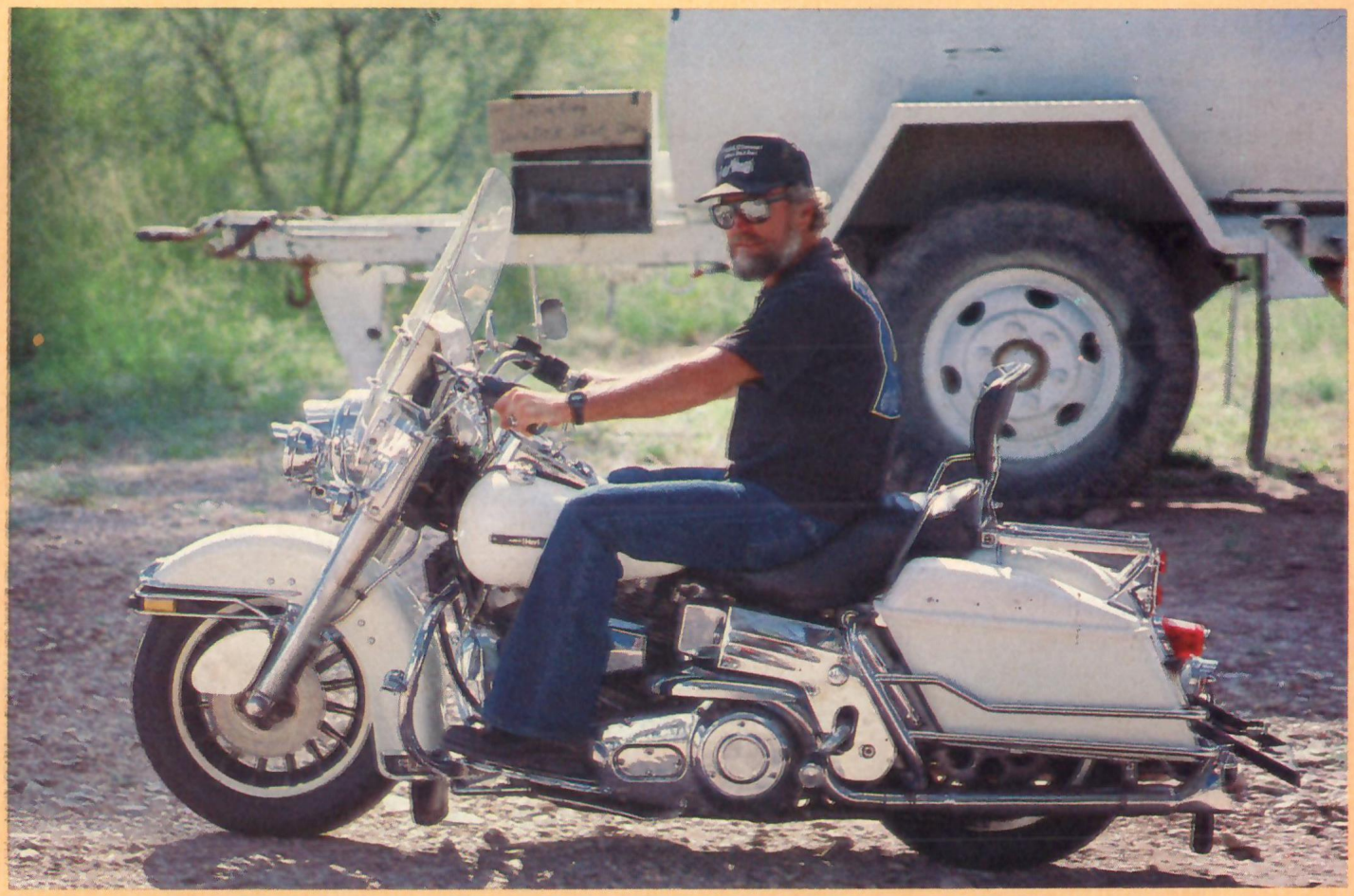


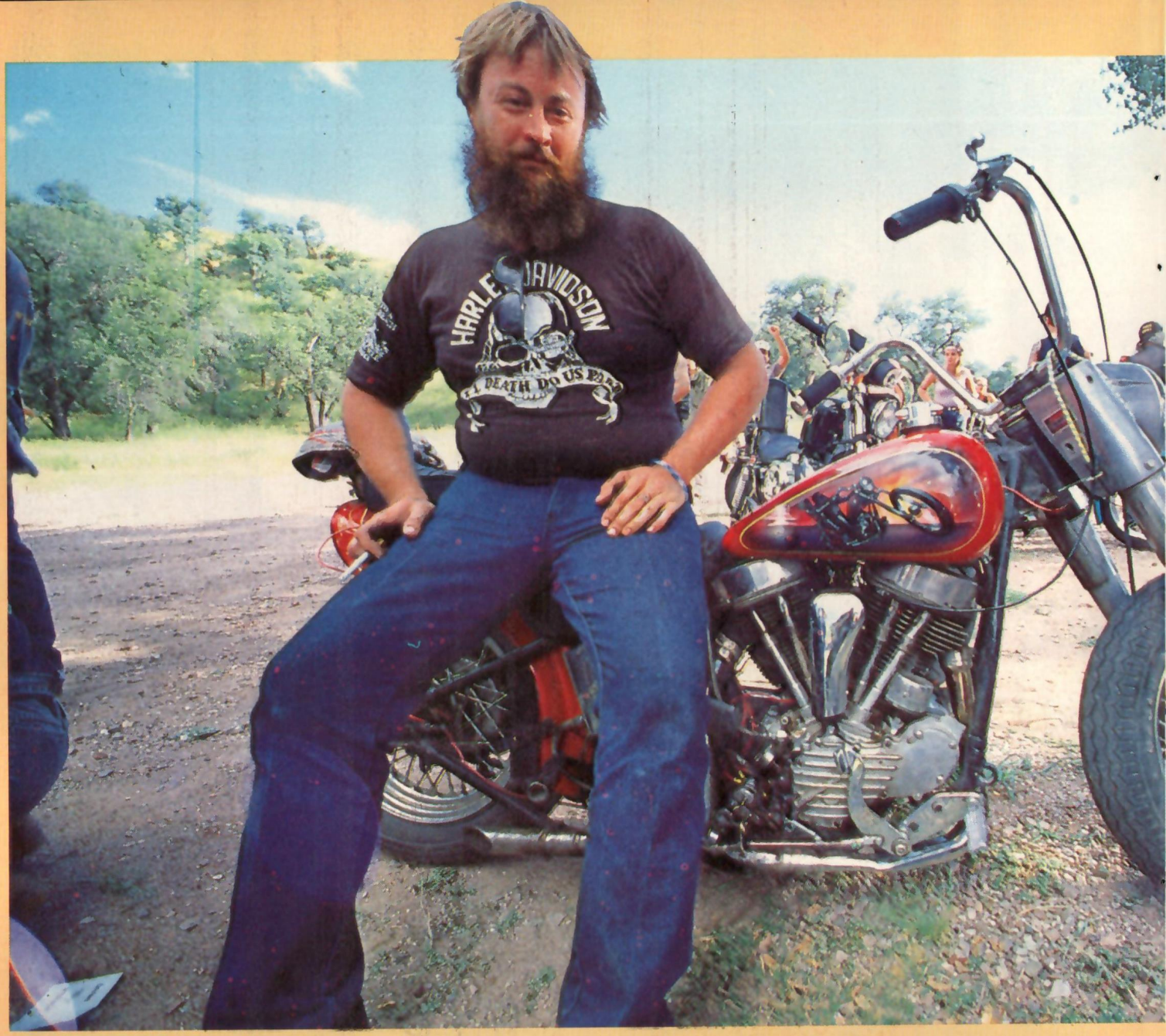




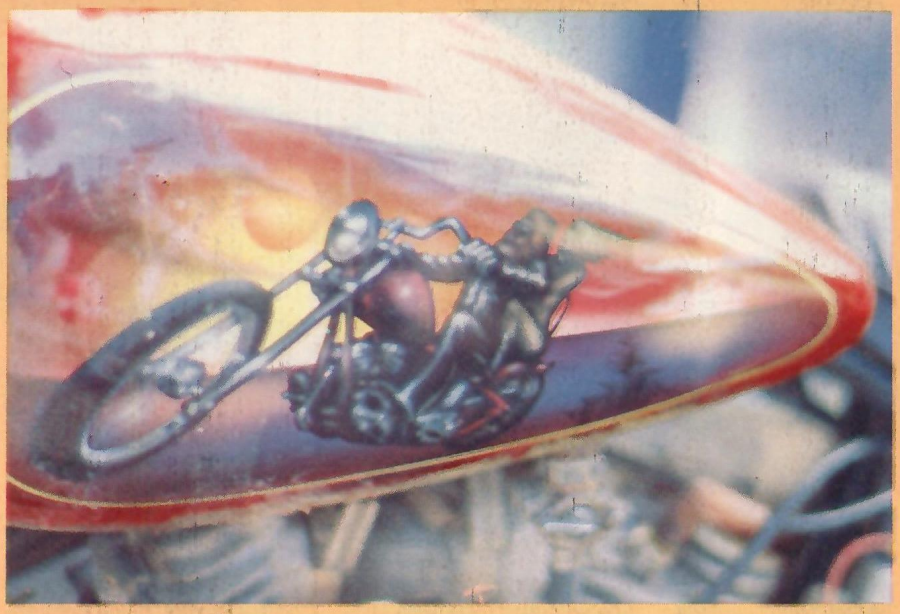
halfway.

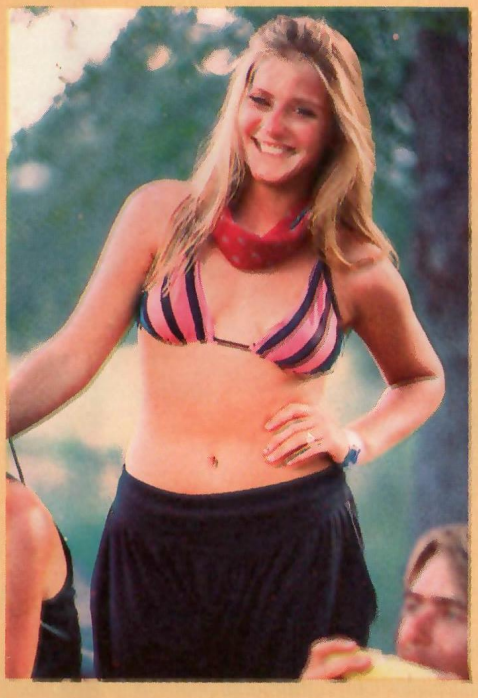
An AMA-sanctioned club, the Huns have been together 19 years, and they have a lot of veteran riders in the club. Of the guests, Bear said, "It was a younger crowd this year, and they're great." Part of their workin to show people what it's all about is to show the younger bros the traditions. (I'da showed em how to drink beer, bein as there was those hundred kegs to practice on.) **CONTINUED ON PAGE 39**

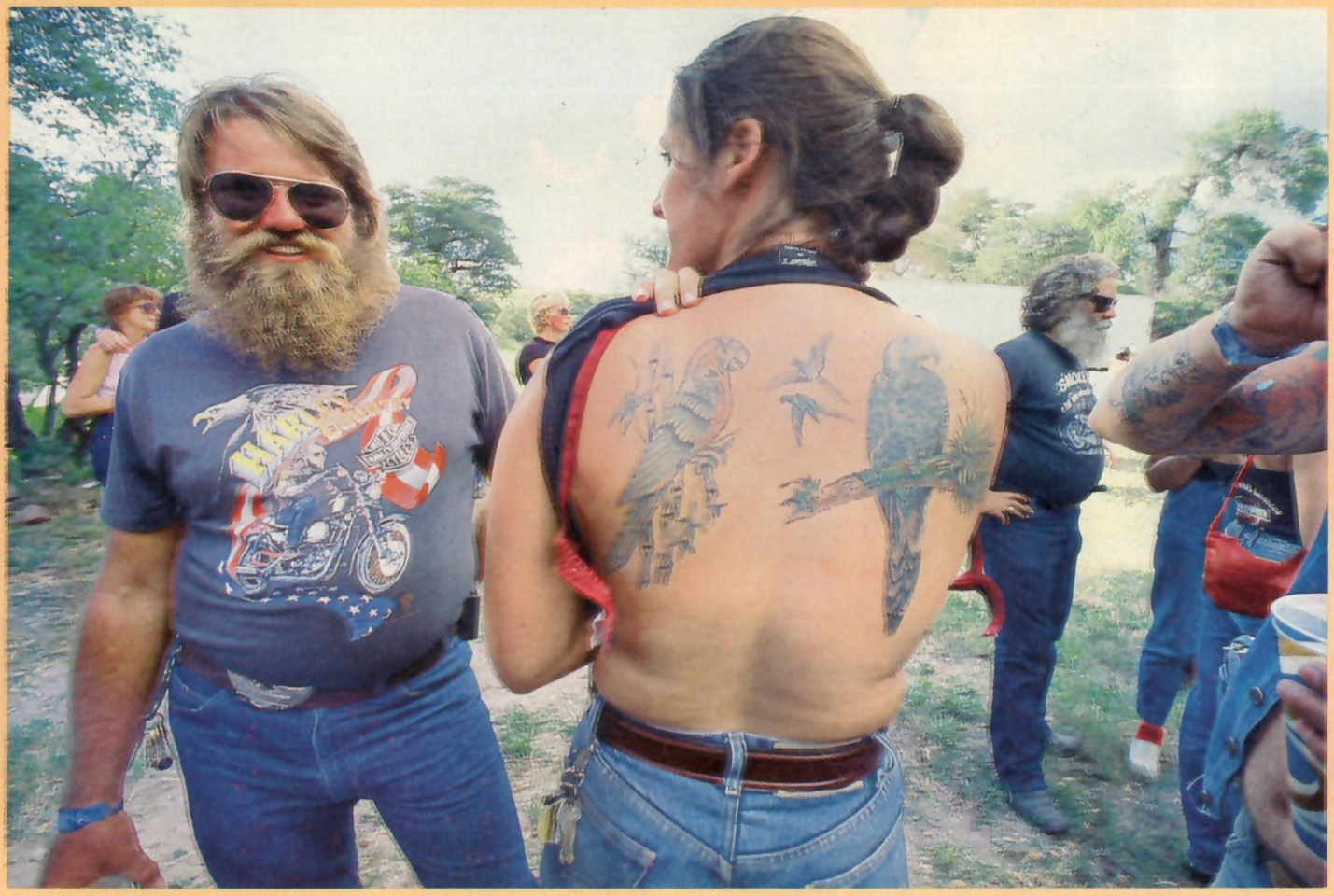


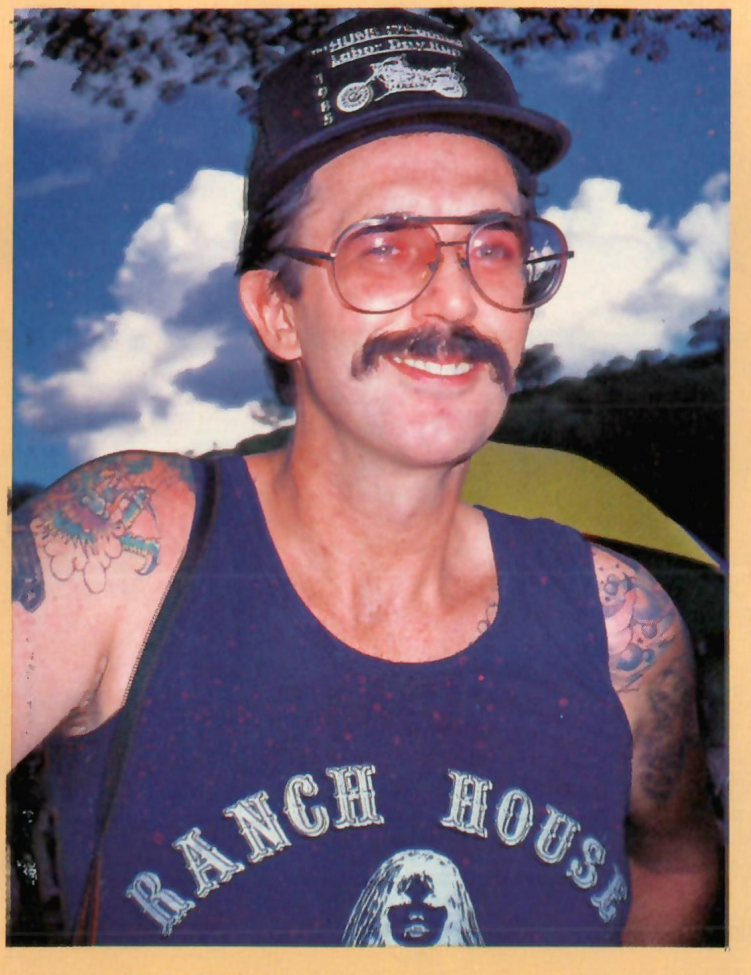

HARLEY DAVIDSON
'TIL DEATH DO US PART

Harley-Davidson

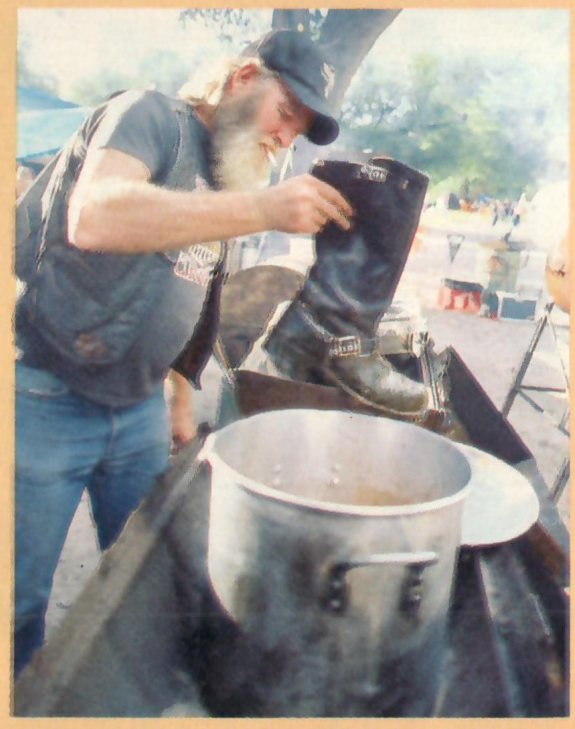


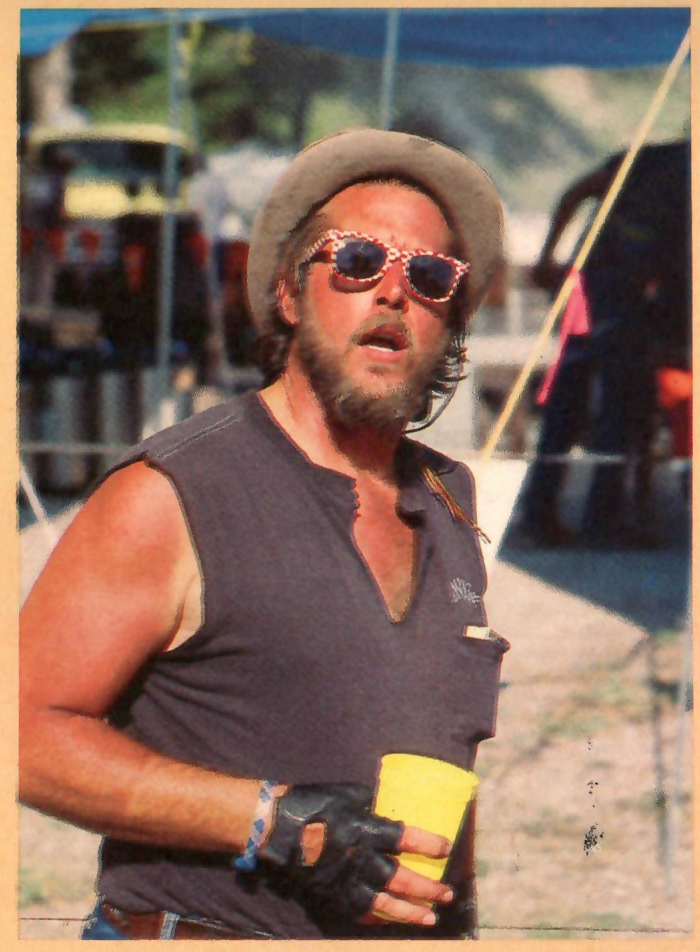


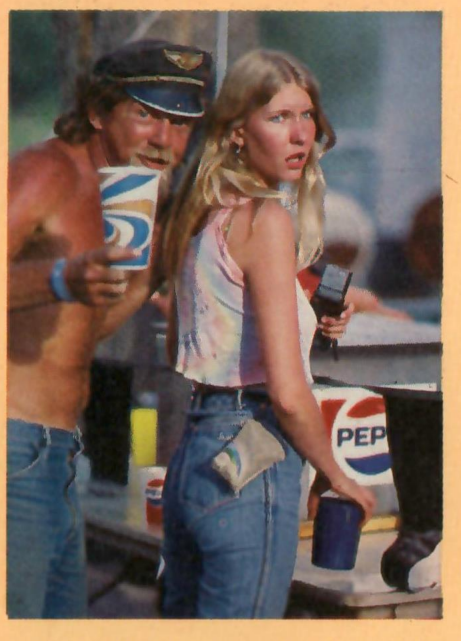



RANCH HOUSE

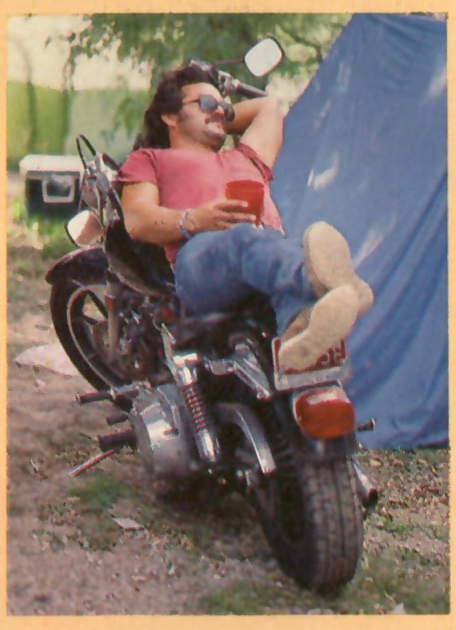
1ST SNIVEL IS FREE
2ND SNIVEL IS $1.00
3RD SNIVEL IS $2.00
ETC.!!!

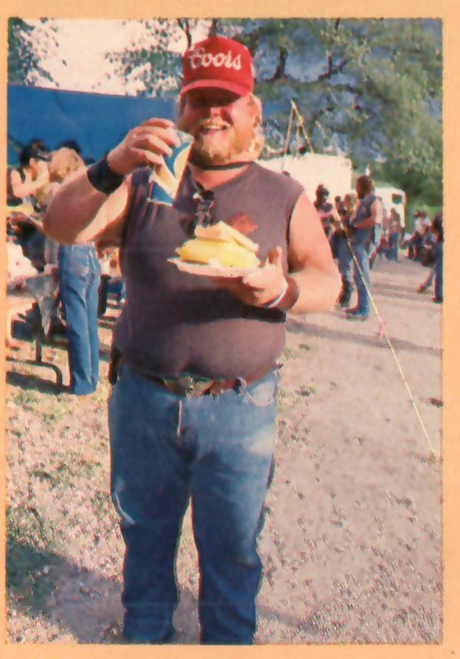


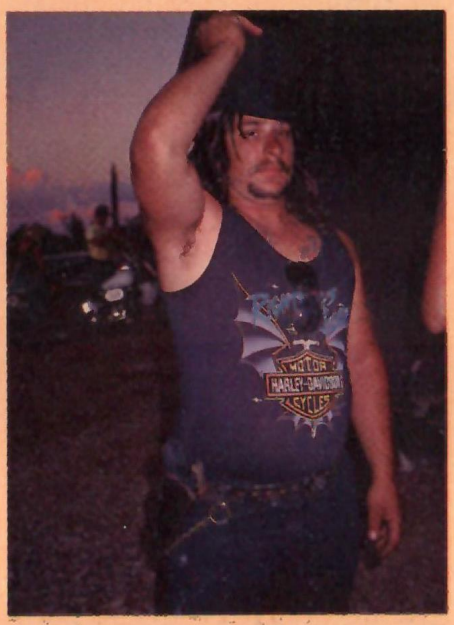


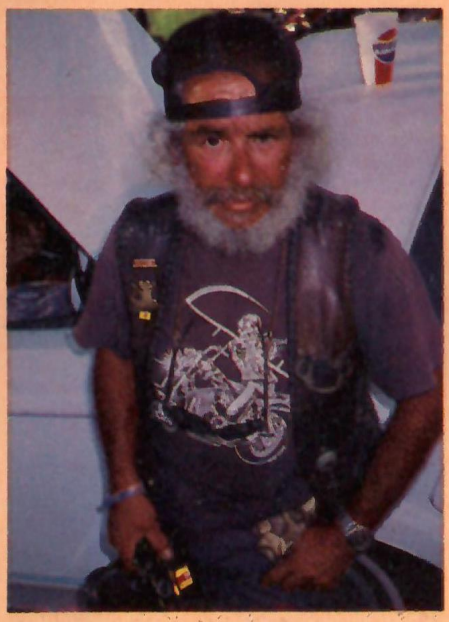

PEP

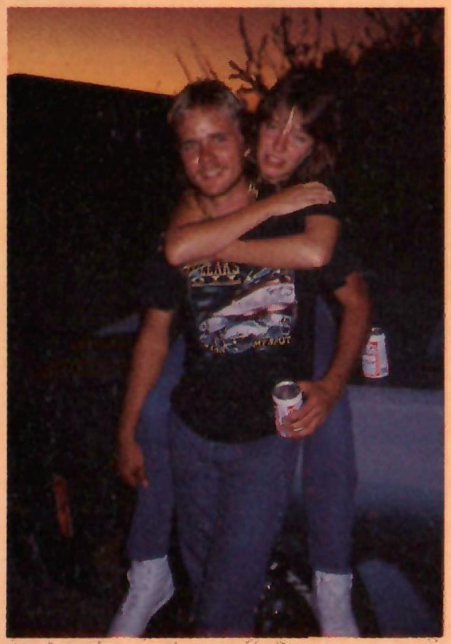
HARLEY-

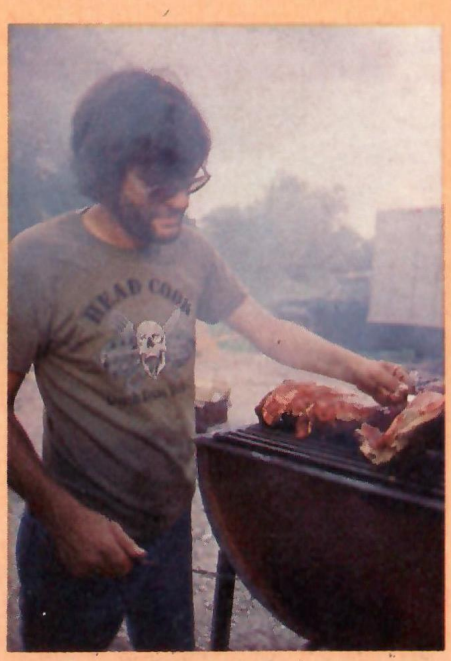


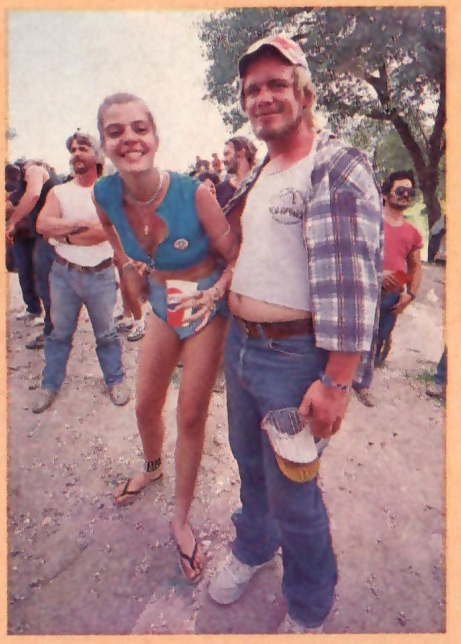

Coors

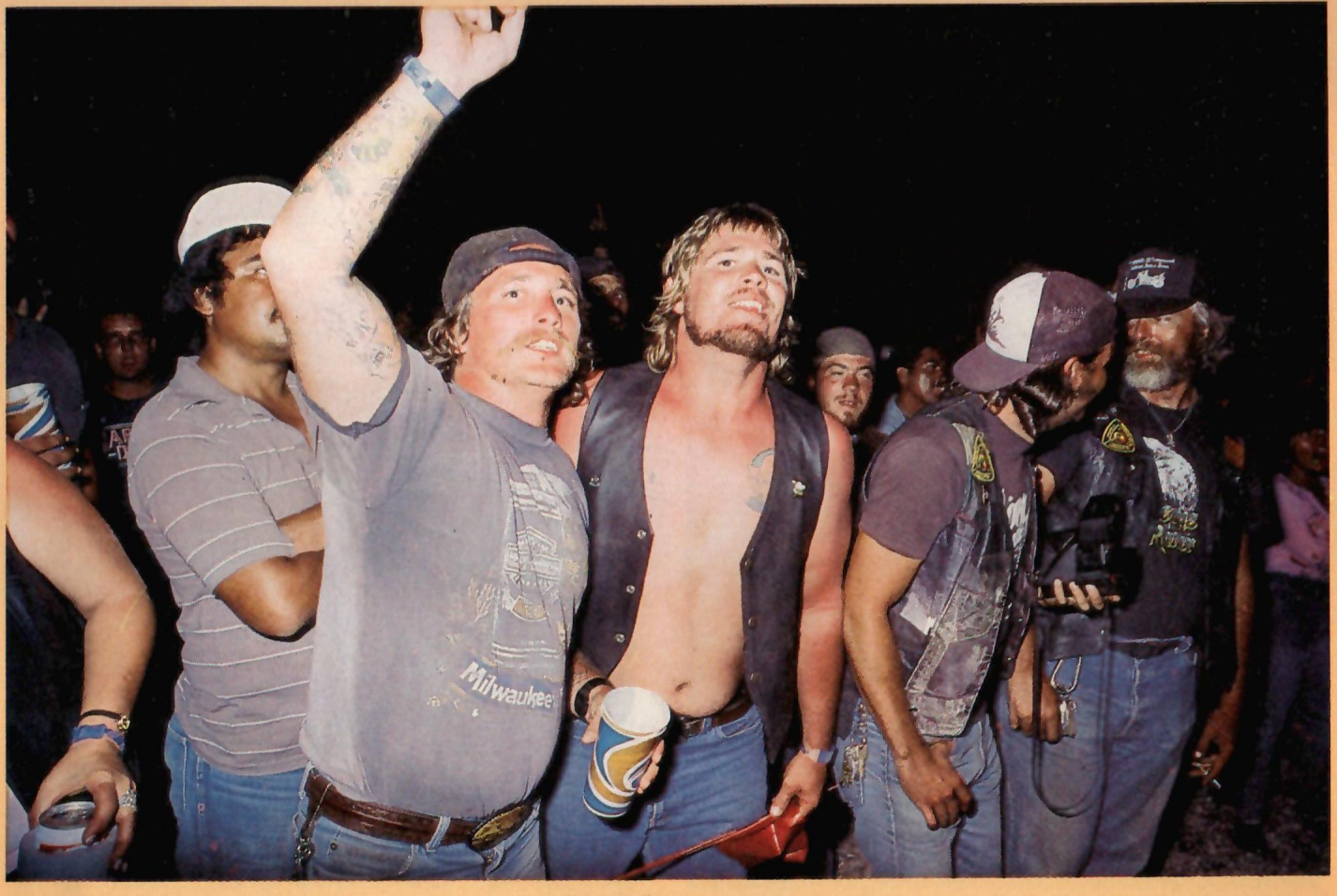

MOTOR
HARLEY-DAVIDSON
CYCLES

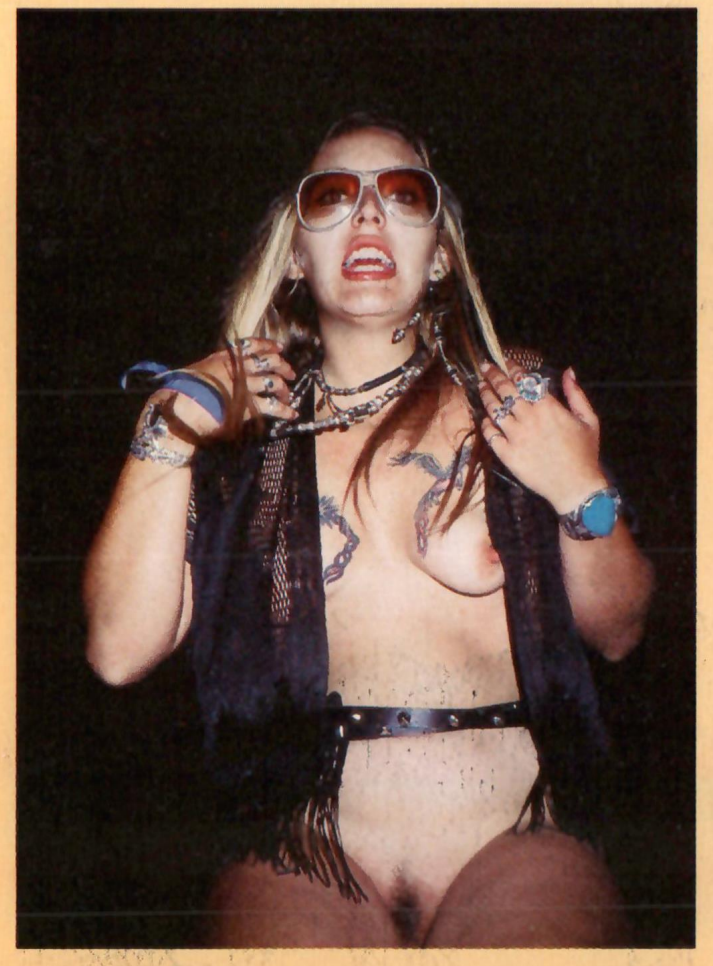


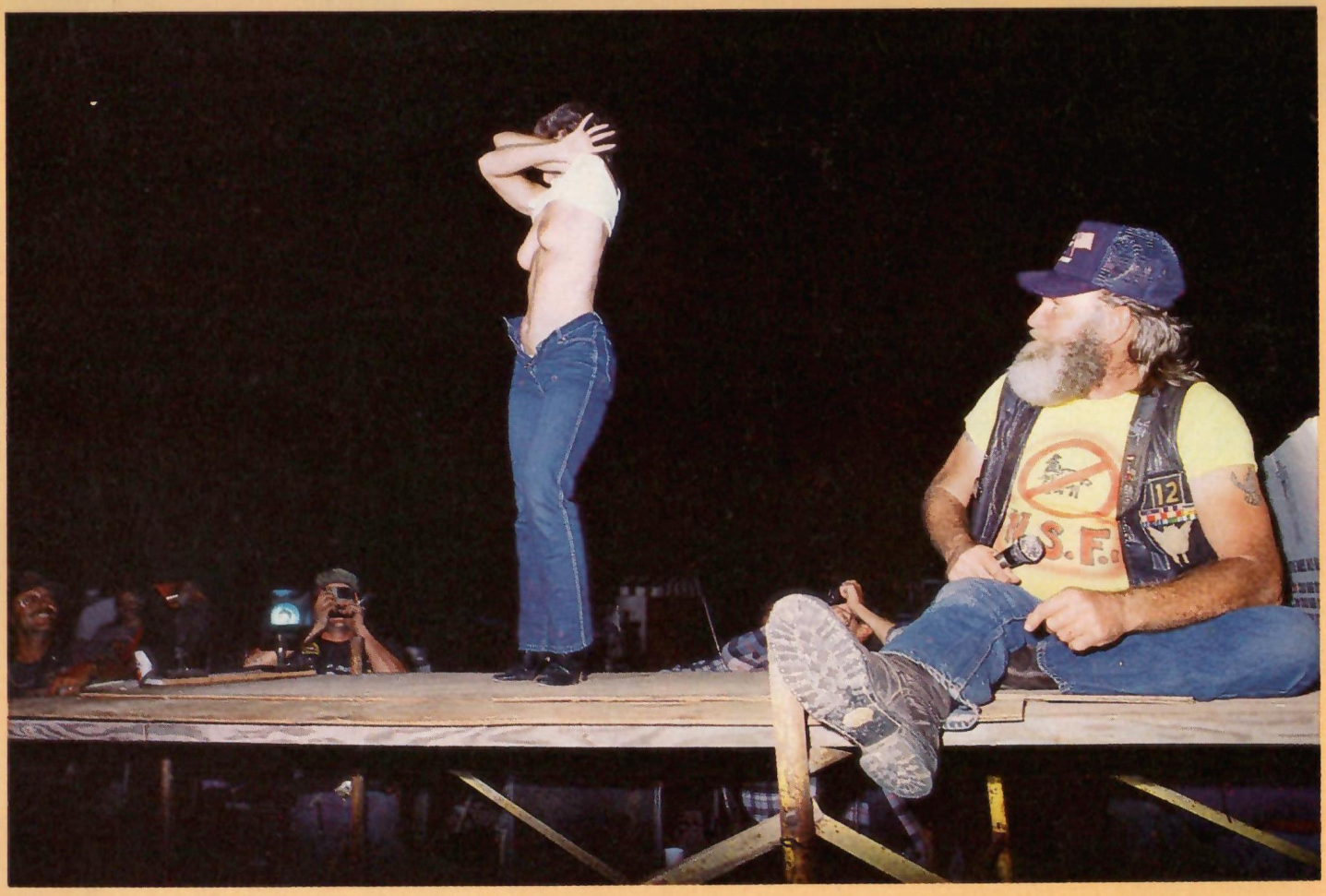







Milwaukee





CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Labor Day is one of two big annual Huns runs — the other is Memorial Day — and nine smaller runs that the public is invited to. Part of the proceeds of every run go to charity; a donation from the 18th annual run went to the Santa Cruz Training School, a local facility for retarded kids. If you're gonna be out there, or ya already are, check 'em out. The Huns'll be glad to give ya the low-down either on the phone at (602) 298-4582 or by mail at 12645 W. Traildust Drive, Tucson, Arizona 85743.

A hundred kegs of beer ... hot sun ... all those righteous scooters ... the tit show ... holy shit, and I'm lookin out the window at a snow bank the size of King Kong's prong. It'd be enough to give ya the blues if ya didn't know there was another one comin up next year. □

Leone's Daughter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

order." "Mr. Peablender ... what are those two tiny welts on your veins on your left arm." "Your honor I had blood work done this week ... forgive me your honor but I fail to see what ... " Thorton interrupted me to ask the guard if I had in fact had blood taken by medical personnel. Then I interrupted him to explain that my room-mate was a male nurse and that he had done the blood-work and also that it was a long story. Anyway, to make a long story short, when he dismissed me I got up and carefully, casually, butted a half-wolfed Pall Mall on the fingernail of the bird finger of his left hand.

Crack is an interesting term in jail. It's derivation lies in tender factual detail. A fish (young innocent con) must crack his buttocks to get something he wants (if you'll excuse the expression). Anyway, when you use the word everyday it just means "ask." I carcked to go to range six after the little incident with Thorton. Now ... everybody in the pen has a specialty. My pre-incident specialty was as a body guard for my rich wimpy room-mate ... nothing to it if you enjoy that kind of thing, however, shortly before the incident I was pursuing a much less strenuous line of work which involved taking ounce bags of pretty white powder and turning them magically into innumerable little tiny bags of same. Speed ... for all it's many joys has one tiny little draw-back. It kills people. They should probably rename speed ... Sylvia Plath, because you've got to be suicidal to ingest it ... everybody knows: speed kills. Range six was in 1982 ... speed freak brotherhood. Let me try to describe it ... no smiles ... no chuckles ... hair and fingernails (which incidently continue to grow on a corpse) grew at such a rate, that they formed tumbleweeds which blew along the corridor. When you looked out of your cell on a Saturday night it looked like you were watching a film at the wrong speed. One guy stuck out ... actually there were a few non-users ... but Leone really stuck out. I asked my room-mate what Leone's crime was one night. Boom, my fat stupid roomie looked up and I think he tried to answer me but when he opened his mouth all that came out was a kinda high pitched garbled noise, something like the sound of a food processor. I mentioned to him that he really ought to cut down on those STP suppositories and headed out to get my information from the horse's mouth. I caught up to Leone in the shave room. Now picture this guy ... he's a scrawny 150 about 5'8" and he's dressed like a migrant worker which is OK cause it turns out he is. He's doing his own time, large economy size pen time, and hard time all at the same time.

Wait a second ... I'll level with you cause this is serious. That's not exactly how I got to know Leone. I'll level with you ... Leone is technically a mass murderer in as much as he killed more than one person (two). Unfortunately they were policemen. I mean unfortunate for Leone; victims are, by definition unfortunate. I knew all this from the grapevine before and during the time we became acquainted. That old renegade Tom Robbins, Leone and I all share the same view of the common man, which might really get you wondering how Leone, if he had such obvious integrity how could he commit such a serious crime ... and it's like this. Eighteen years ago, when Leone was a lot younger in years and not terribly different than he is today, he had just finished picking oranges for a full season ... I could say something ... I'm gonna say it ... Leone was, all those years ago, an excellent laborer but my friends and enemies ... that was no big deal ... because you've got to bear in mind that it's 1968 and the word pawn does not have four letters. OK, so he hitches a ride to his swamp home town which is not everglades but actual swamp. Now there's some terrible hostility here and I don't have the details but I know it involved his mother. In any event, we got a real live situation with a semi-psychotic Leone barricaded in a cabin with a perfectly acceptable.30-30 and all kinds of ammo. We got enough Florida police around a fifty foot perimeter to attend the funeral of J. Edgar Hoover. Leone is partly horrified to find himself in this spot but then chuckles because he is completely carried away by the intoxicating drama of the situation he seems, personality wise to become his own evil twin, who is just as evil as the real Leone is good. Now we gotta take a major break here and go directly to the tactical force commander who is tickled pink to be involved in action with two people who are heroes of his. Yes we're actually talkin Sonny and Brownie.

These devil-may-care clothes racks were driving back from Daytona, and when they saw the parade of police cars they followed it because it seemed to Sonny that some small country must have declared open war on Florida. "What's goin on?" Sonny asked the commander (the only flaw in the commander's admiration is that he remains oblivious to the fact that while his salary is higher than Sonny's, the value of the Ferrari and Sonny's jacket is about double the price of the Commander's house. Honesty is as honesty does. Before the Commander can answer a loud yell comes from the cabin. "Hey!" Sonny seems to naturally assume leadership here quite by accident, over some five hundred officers he doesn't know from Adam. "Hey, what?" he yells back. Everyone seems pretty relieved that the silence is broken. "Send up your two biggest ass-holes." Sonny looks at Brownie and says "I guess he means us ... what do you say?" With no expression ... Brownie replies ... something he never said to Sonny before ... "I see a pearl in the sky." "What the hell is that supposed to mean ... this morning you were getting philosophical about your cereal and now you wax so cryptic Mandrake would commit you ... let's go." You guessed it ... when they're twenty odd feet away Leone neatly puts the first round through Sonny's heart and second through Brownie's and for irrelevant detail we can tack on that Brownie goes down first and Sonny, who maybe never accepted it at all, falls later. The silence resumes, only this time it lasts eighteen years.

There is black magic in the very atmosphere of range six. For instance, no inmate who smokes can seem to stop for more than an hour at a time. Leone surprised me very much by announcing quietly at lunch that he had quit smoking. When I asked myself how, he, a heavy smoker, had performed this miracle, the answer was apparent. Amateur psychiatrist Peablender said to himself, remember Leone's got a faithful daughter who is so righteous that he probably has to force himself to smoke at all. □

EARTHQUAKE LAURIE

Check out this sweet doll— then check yerself for damage.

I just added one more thing to the short list of shit that I know to be true; if yer crank ain't standin up and salutin over these flicks of luscious Laurie, then ya got a goddamn serious health problem, and insteada readin this rag right now ya ought to be flat on yer back in a speedin ambulance, hooked up to all kindsa IVs and TVs and PCBs, gettin yer innards scanned and fanned, or in some clinic having yer forehead raked.

Oh, it is standin up. Nice ta know yer still with us, bro. We were gettin worried.

Of course, Laurie don't have any trouble figurin out who's alive and who ain't when she walks into a room. Any room. Especially the ones around here. I ain't seen so much trouser-tuggin goin on since the last time Crazy Alice came down here and gave us all the crabs.

Laurie didn't give me the crabs, which I guess is good, but she didn't give me nothin else either, which weren't so good. I can't blame her for the blue balls, I developed them all on my own. (I got somebody else to work the cure, though.)

Laurie's been around bikers all her life — there's no shortage of scoots around the Lynn, Massachusetts area where she grew up (and us Hog riders do have a way of makin our presence felt). She still remembers her first time packin: "I got a ride home from a club with a friend of mine, and as we were going down the highway I began to get that sexual feeling. I really like bikes, it's a turn-on you don't get anywhere else. Well, maybe one other place."

I know the place! I know the place! Oh, sorry, I just got a little carried away there.

Laurie says she rides now "every chance she gets." But before ya all go bugfuck tryin to giver her more chances. I gotta warn ya that she's picky about who's holdin the bars. "I don't trust that many people to ride me," she said. "I mean, it's not the rider, it's the other people."

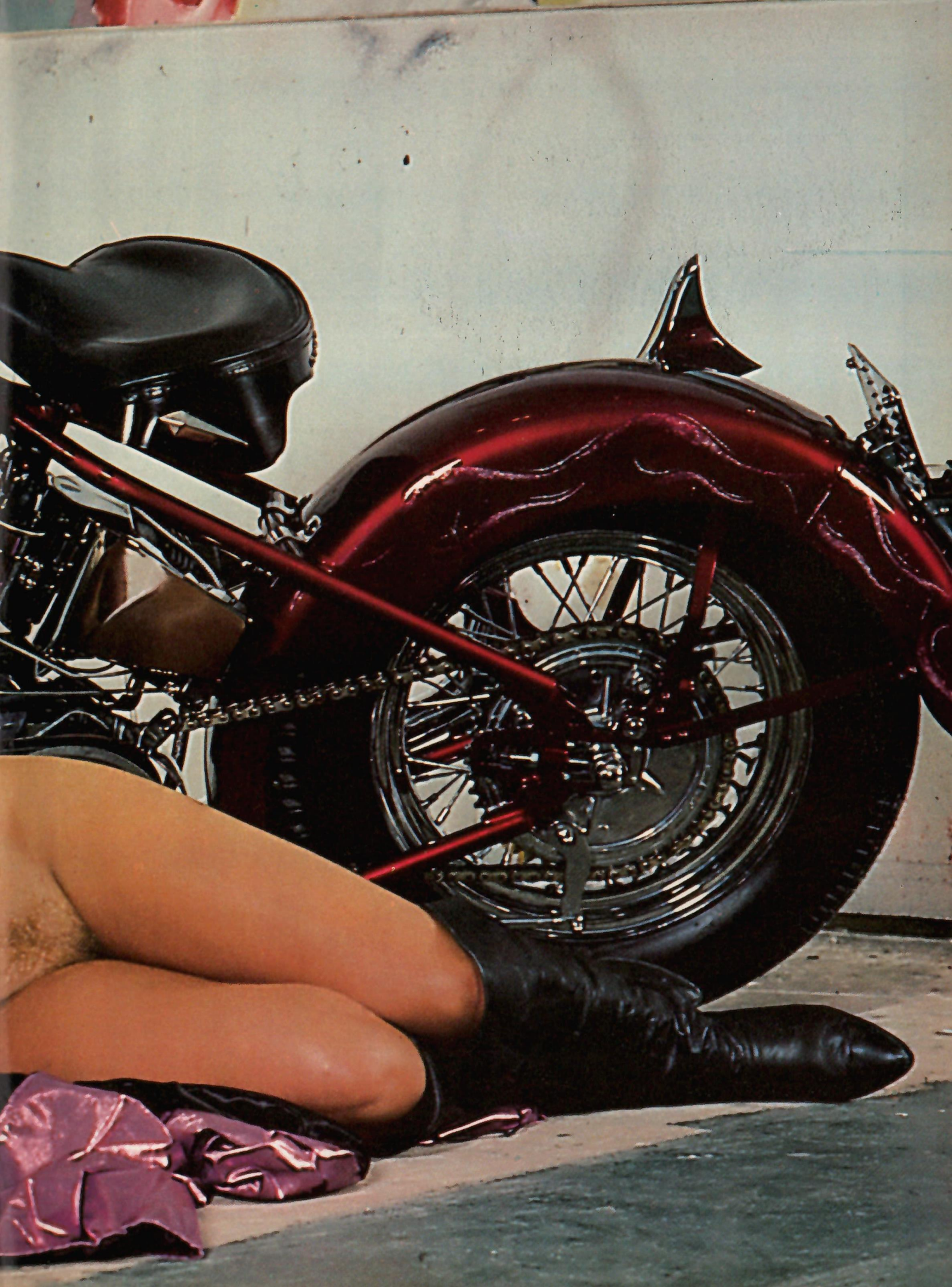
See? All this squeezy bod and she's observant too. She's seen enough dickweeds snappin surprise lefts and blind dorks makin whoopsy lane changes to know that there's still a few citizens out there that don't have the proper respectful attitude.

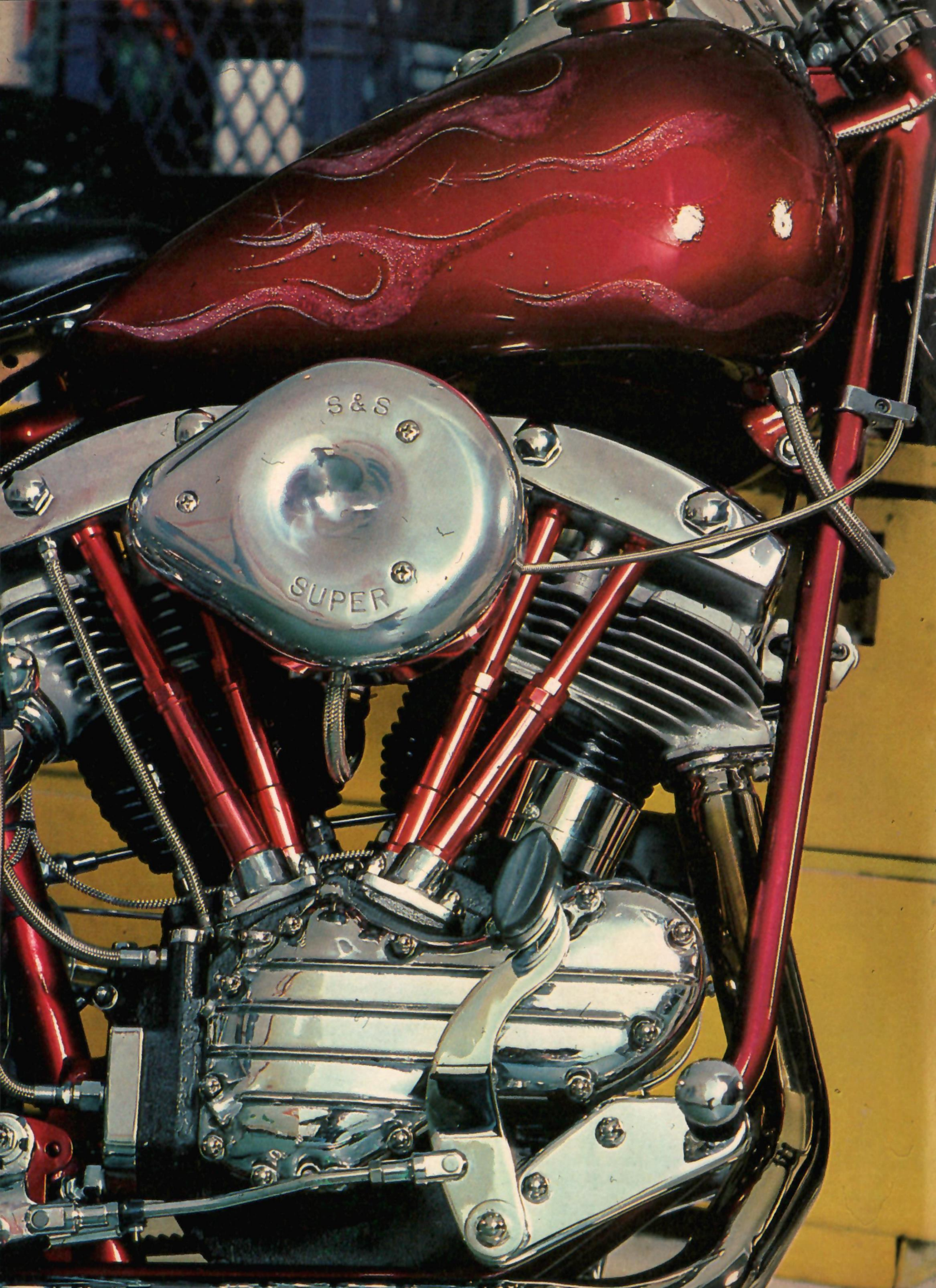
And in case one of them misguided citizen types might try to latch onta Laurie, she's got one thing to say about that shit: "I hate people that put bikers down."

I hope they hear ya, doll. □

Typin by Pud

KILBACK

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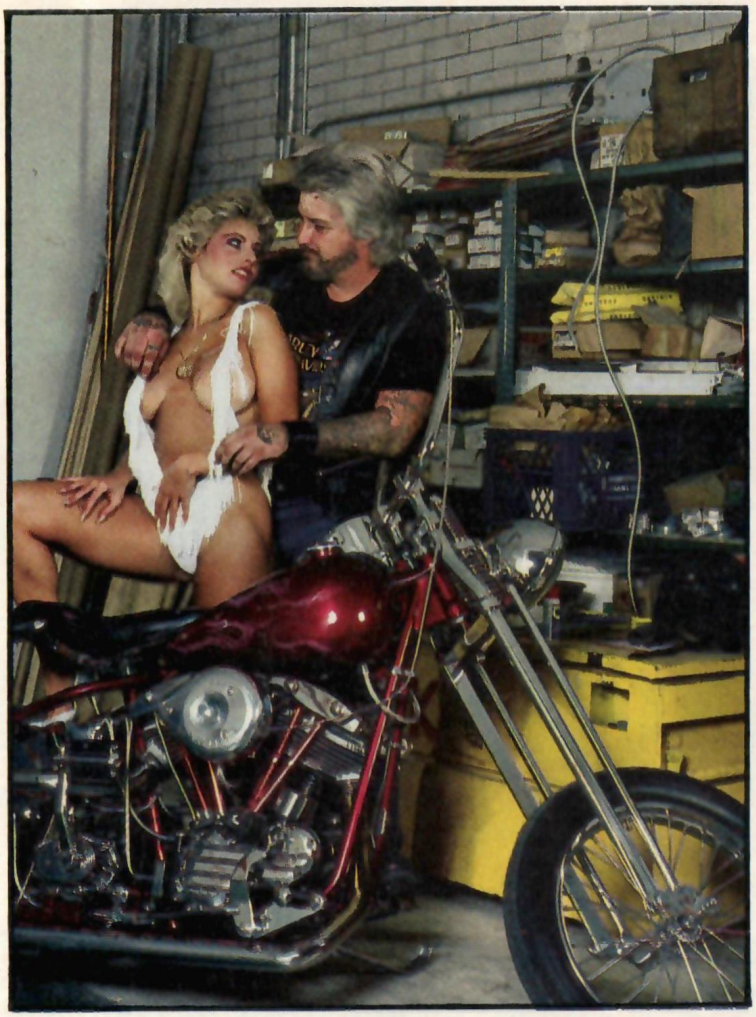


NIFTY FIFTIES

Tattoo Danny's Answer To The 50s Question

Story by Phlegm Jim
Photos by Rocco DiRico

Tattoo Danny is one bro whose interest in Harleys and the bikin life has really paid off. In addition to bein a top notch tattoo artist. Danny's finely tuned artistic nature also expresses itself in some fine custom motorcyclin creations. When ya consider that his ol lady Fish is a wizard with the airbursh it becomes apparent that this double threat duo embodies the sayin of eatin, sleepin, and dreamin motorcycles. At their New Windsor Skin Art Tattoo shop they can handle just about anything a biker's heart might desire.

Danny's latest creation is a resurrection of the 50's bob job with some eighties innovation and technology. The 50's look served as the entire frame is an all custom job that has been stretched here and there until the overall length grew an extra eleven inches. Along with the extended springer you got a street custom that makes ya think about your next turn when you're two blocks away. The 3½ gallon fatbobs and old style dresser fender retain the overall 50's impression but the immaculate paint job with the silver metal flake flames is strictly modern times. One unusual feature of this bike, somethin you don't usually see on a strictly one of a kind ride is the stock Harley tractor seat. The old saddle on the post was such a comfortable ride though, the unusual thing is that you don't see it more often. Danny shortened the seat post (that's a 45 post, bros) so that he'd have a low ride along with some comfort. Ya don't always have to bust yer balls when ya build a righteous hardtail.

That distinctive shift knob was hand carved from wood by Danny's good partner, Bear, who was featured in this rag about a year ago along with his street mashin Electra Glide. At that time, Danny and Fish were expandin the shop with a coupla new buildings. The renovations are complete and if ya ever wanted to see a K-Mart for bikers, it'd be well worth your while to check out their operation up in New Windsor, NY.

Danny's gettin into a custom trend that's gainin popularity with builder's everywhere. The anodizing of metal parts on just about every conceivable component of a motorcycle has really opened the door for some striking examples of the chopped art. Naturally, some guys go overboard coloring every part they can get their hands on, but I prefer the touch of an artist like Danny who slects a certain number of key components for color and plays them off the plain;er parts of the engine. It's kinda like the 80s flash and function on the good idea from the 50s. I never knew the question but the answer looks damn good to me.

TECH SHEET

Owner: Tattoo Danny
City: New Windsor, NY

General
Fabrication by: Owner
Year and Make: 53/66 H-D
Model: Pan/Shovel
Value: $14,500
Assembly By: Owner
Chroming: Permachrome, Hackensack, NJ

Engine
Year: '53/'66
Model: FL
Rebuilder: Owner
Ignition: Battery/coil
Displacement: 80 cubes
Lower End: S&S rods
Balancing: Owner
Pistons: Harley
Cases: Stock
Heads: Ported, polished, Manley valves
Cams: Stock
Lifters: Solids
Carbs: S&S
Air Cleaner: S&S
Pipes: Upswept Fishtails
Mufflers: None

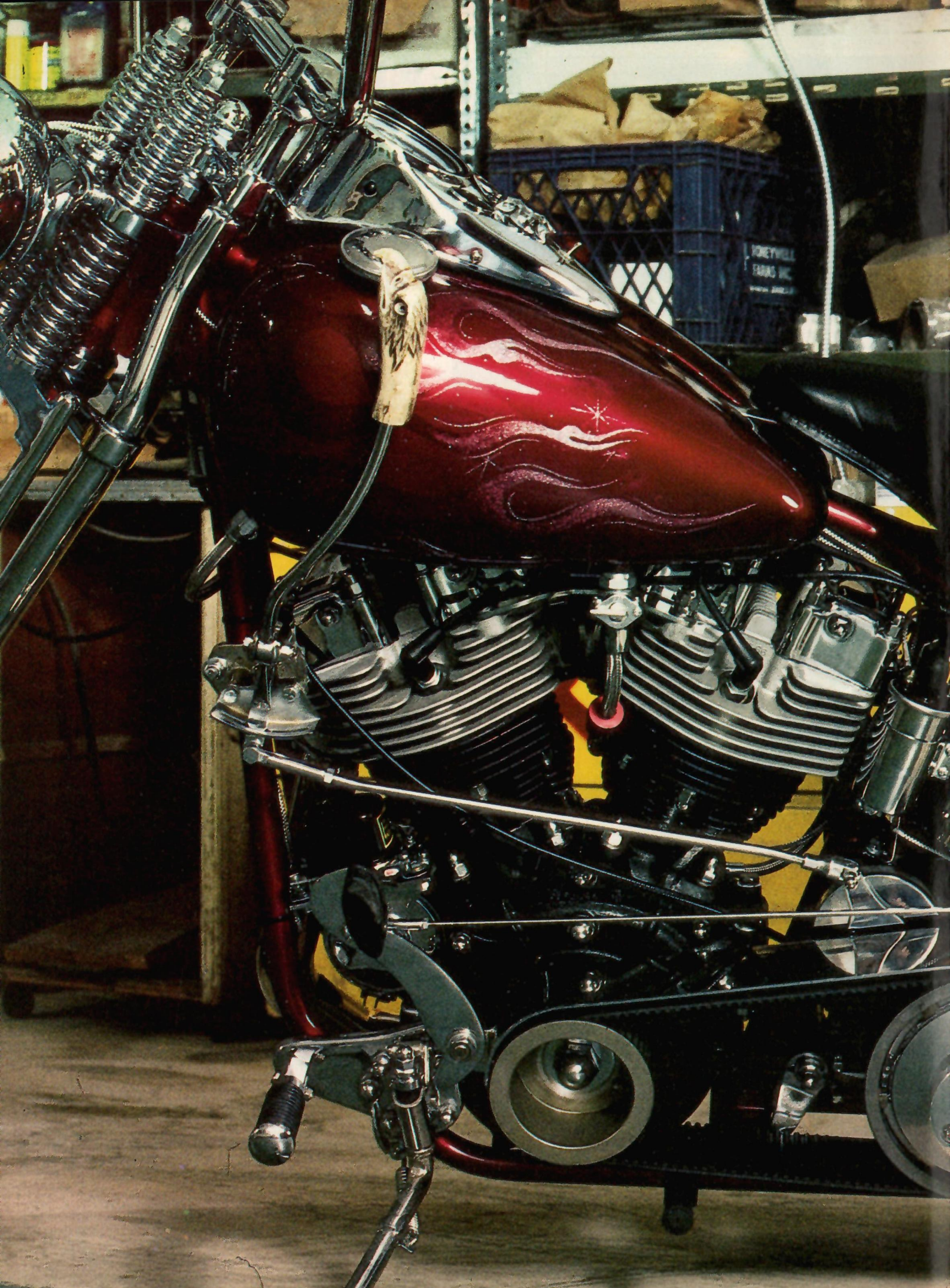
Frame
Year: Custom
Builder: Paughco
Type: Rigid
Rake:
Stretch: 11" overall
Other Alterations: Molding

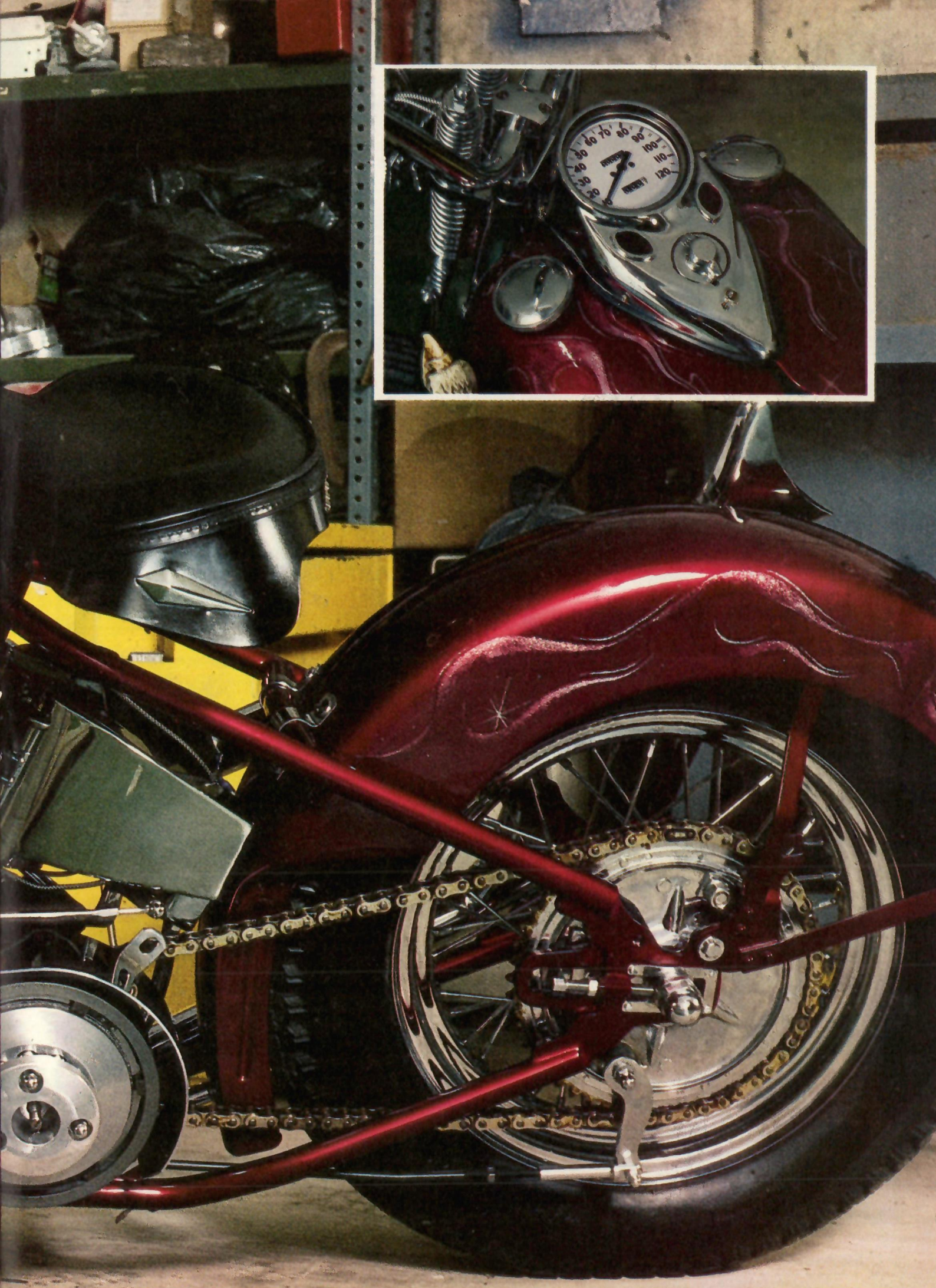
Accessories
Bars: Paughco
Risers: Pullbacks
Fenders: Early style
Headlight: Salad bowl
Taillight: Beehive
Speedo: Aftermarket
Front Pegs: Jammer
Rear Pegs: None
Electrics: Owner; chromed steel braided wiring
Gas Tank: 3½ gal., fatbobs
Oil Tank: Wraparound
Oil System: Stock
Primary Cover: 3" open Primo
Seat: H-D Tractor

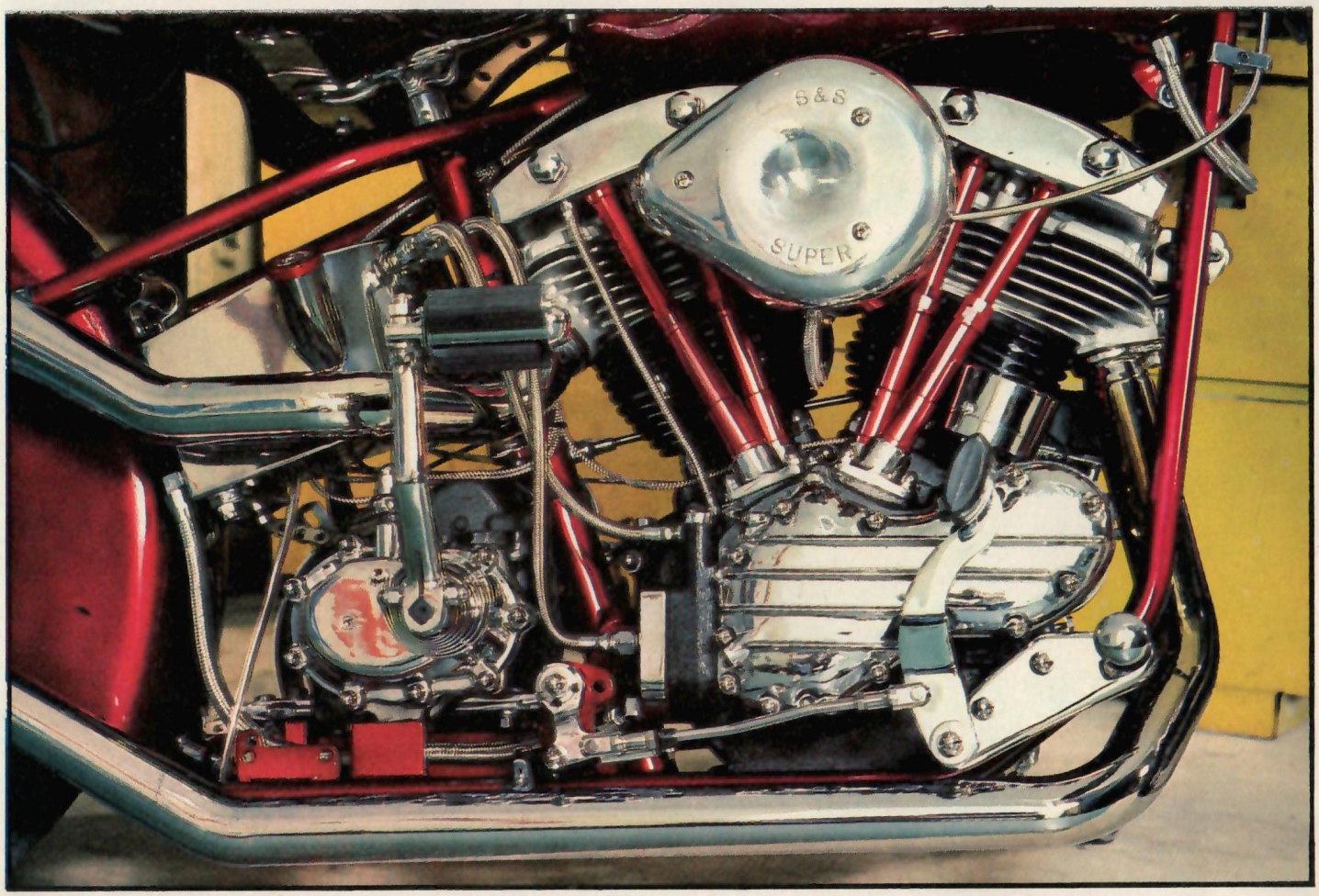
Tranny
Modifications: All Andrews
Year: 1953
Shifting: Jockey
Painting:
Molding: Owner and Dave
Painter: Owner and Fish
Color: Candy Purple
Type: RM
Special Paint: Silver metal flake flames

Forks
Type: Wide springer
Extension: 9"
Builder: Jammer
Special Features: Chromed

Wheels
Front Wheel: 19"
Rear Wheel: 16"
Front Hub: H-D
Rear Hub: H-D
Front Tire: Avon
Rear Tire: Avon
Front Brake: None
Rear Brake: Mechanical



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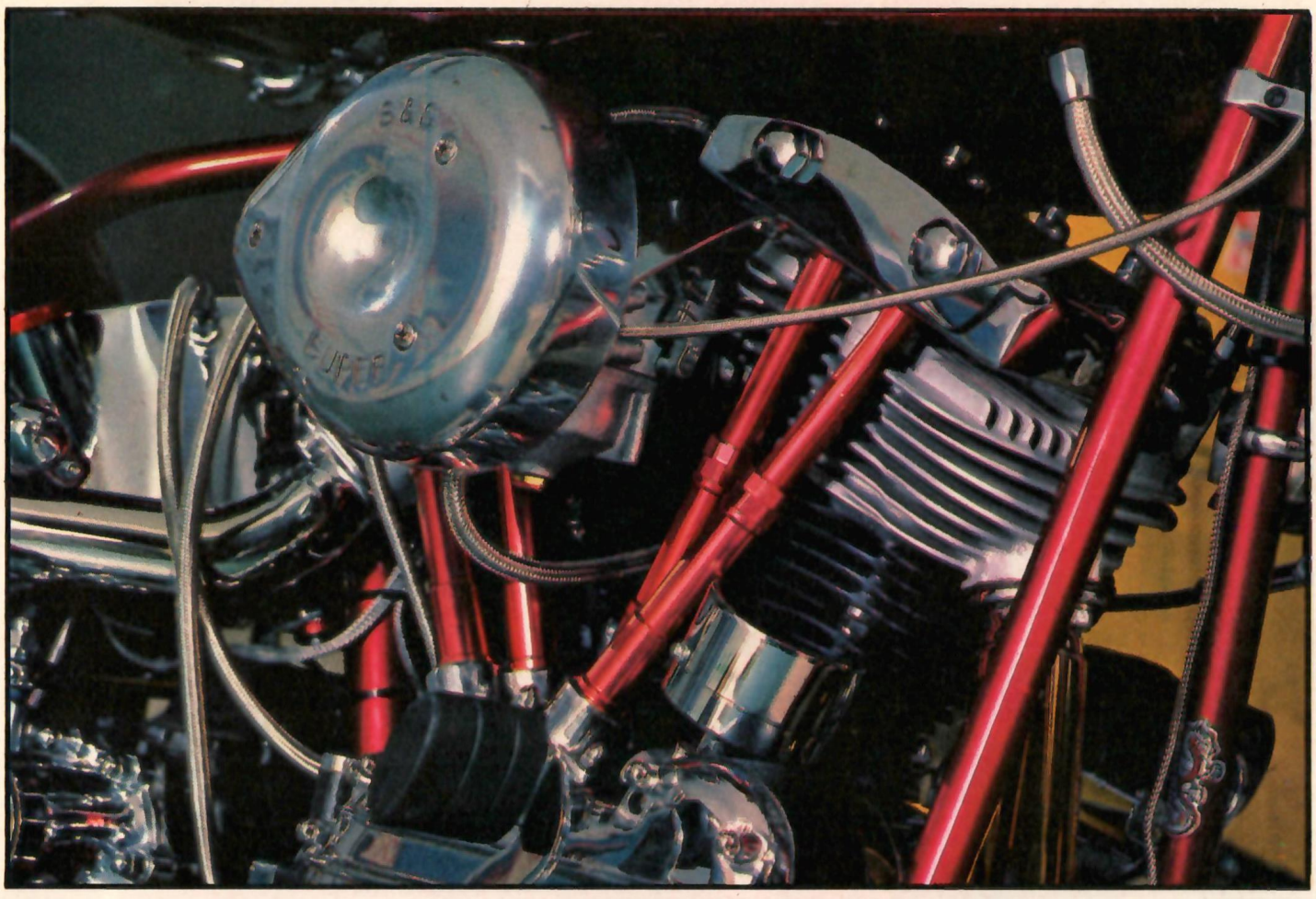
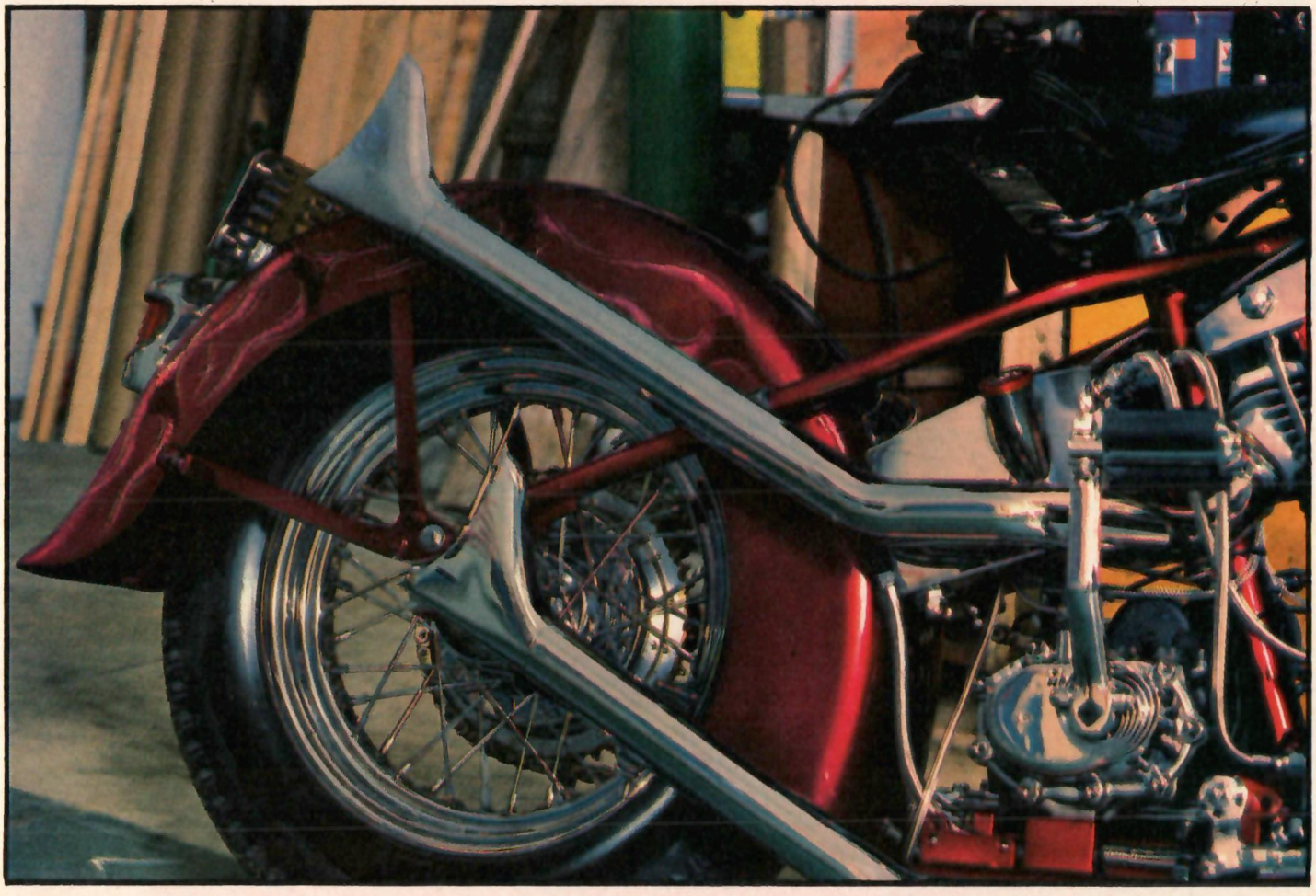


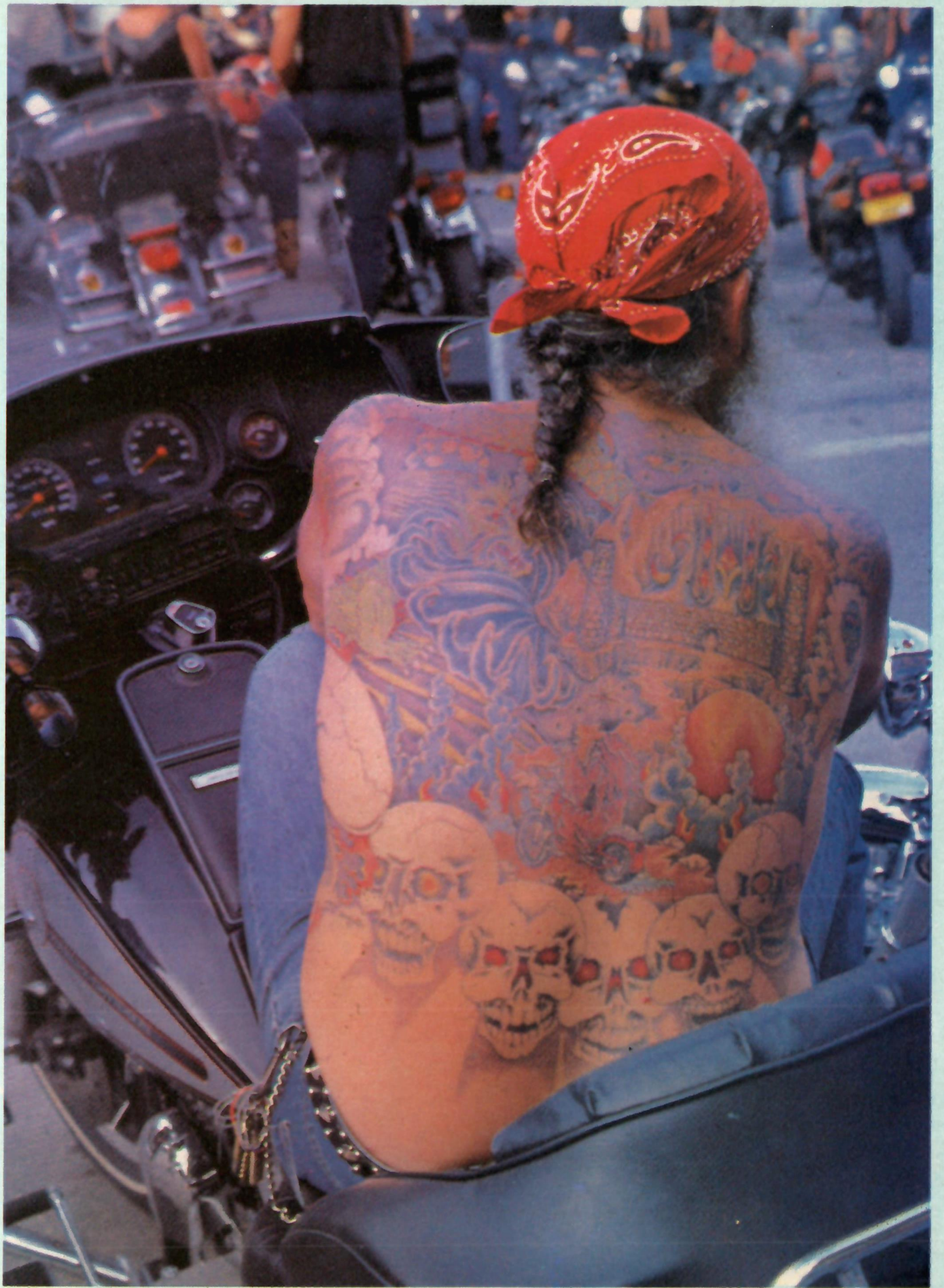


OUR BROS Runnin' Free ON THE GO

Lick-Um, Copenhagen NY

Ed's Photo, Hill City SD

Each month we select the best pictures our readers send us and print them here. We appreciate them all, but we can't use negatives. We can use good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size), color slides (either 35mm or 2¼"x2¼"), exceptionally clear color prints. Whether it's the exhilaration of a dude and his chick flyin' down the highway or the let-it-all hang-out exuberance of a biker bash or the eyeball-poppin' sight of a sexy honey showin' her stuff — these photos typify the fun, excitement and freedom of biking. (Be sure to write your name and address on each print or slide that you send. Oh, yeah — we now pay $20 for every black-and-white photo and $36 for every color slide we use.) Send photos to Iron Horse, P.O. Box 1316, New York, N.Y. 10116.



Ed's Photo, Hill City SD

Werner, Sweden

Werner, Sweden

Lick-Um, Copenhagen NY

Ed's Photo, Hill City SD

Werner, Sweden

WW, Austin TX

Lick-Um, Copenhagen NY

Lick-Um, Copenhagen NY

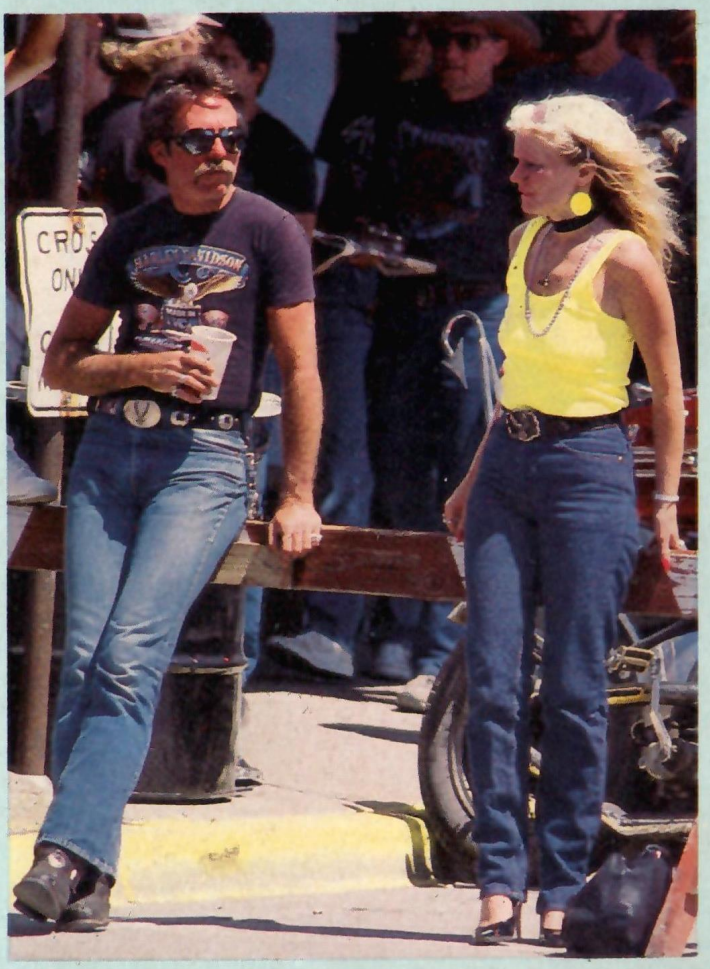
All photos this and opposite page: Tom Kennedy, Decatur, AL

GREAT SMOKY
MOUNTAINS
NATIONAL PARK

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

All photos this page: Bruce Faulkner, Chester Basin, Nova Scotia

Both photos by Ed's Photo, Hill City, SD



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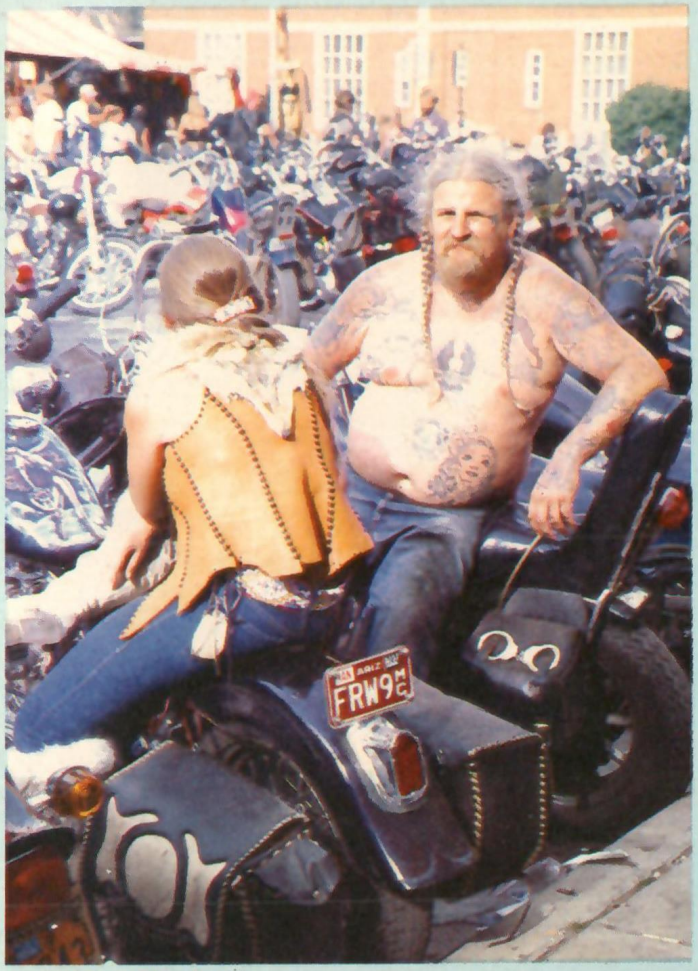

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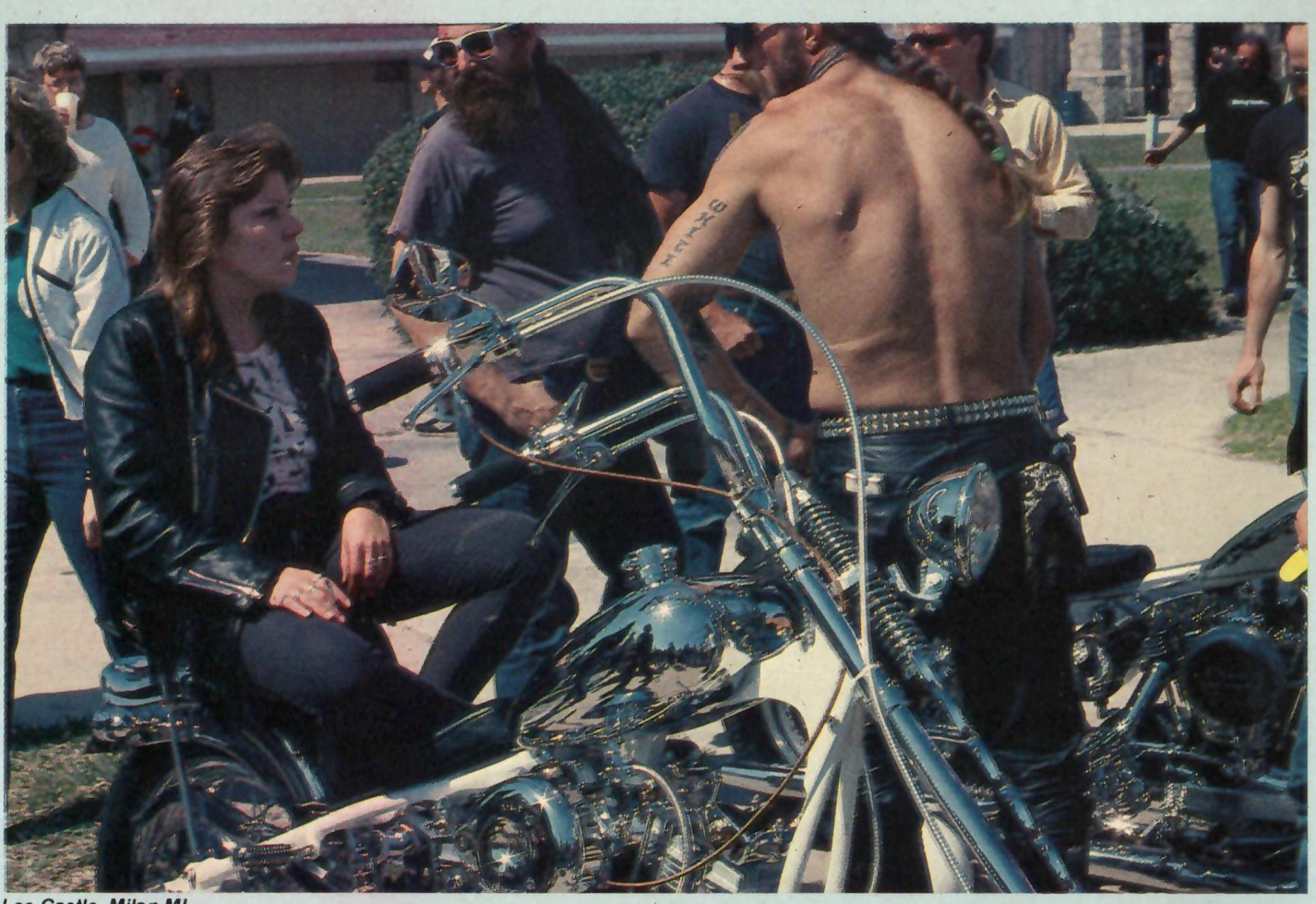

Lee Castle, Milan MI

Lick-Um, Copenhagen NY

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Lick-Um, Copenhagen NY

WW, Austin TX

W.W. Austin TX

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Papa Kirk and Clan — Shirley Kirk, Picher, OK

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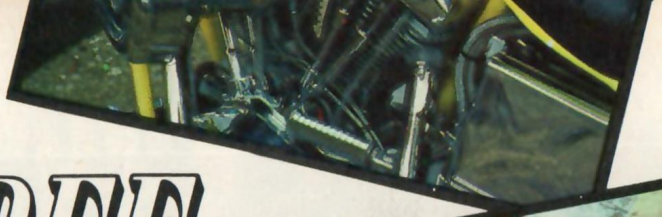

GET YER SHIT TOGETHER AND SEND US YER RAISIN-PIE FLICKS

SAVE THE GARBAGE FER THE OTHER RAGS

A coupla times a year we pick out the best flicks our readers have sent us and print em up in a RUNNIN' FREE SPECIAL EDITION. We appreciate all the stuff ya send in, but we can't use color prints or color negatives. What we want is good, in-focus, black-and-white prints (any size) and color slides (either 35 mm or 2¼ X 2¼)—nothin else.

Whether it's a bro an his ol lady puttin down the highway or the hellacious good times of a biker bash or the leg-wettin sight of a splittail splittin tail—we wanna look at em all. But only the best will do.

Be sure to write yer name and address on each print or slide you send. And oh, yeah—we now pay $20 for each b&w we use and $35 for the color stuff.

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A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S

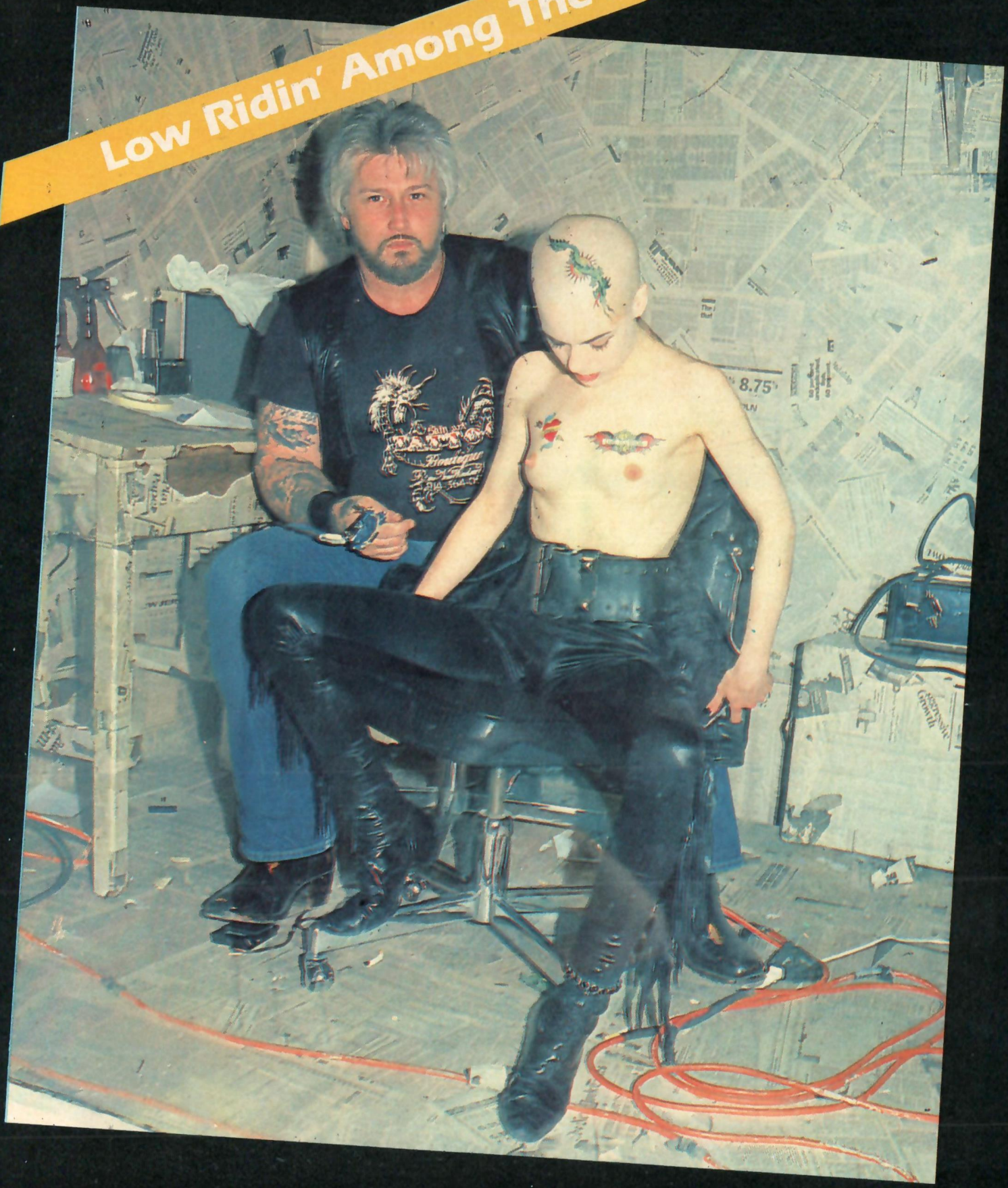
Area is the name of one of those ultra-fancy New York City hangouts that caters to the Apple's ultra-chic population; of avant-garde artistes, incognito movie and rock stars, punker types, and all the yuppie wannabees who can only cross the line into non-conformity after 5:00 (weekdays). It's the kinda place that is so fuckin cool ya gotta wear your shades even when ya goto the pisser, and the last buncha fools ya'd expect to see partyin hearty amongst all the hipsters and trend setters would be a beery, barstormin, barroom sized contingent of Hog ridin fools complete with genuine cracked leather and faded denim not that phoney, "pre-aged" shit that the yups pay big bucks for). Now I ain't sayin that yer average bro don't cut a dashin figure of grace and elan as he blasts down the centerstripe with one hand on the throttle and the other in his ol lady's cooze —it's just that some of society's more tight assed members are more in love with the idea of living in the fast lane as opposed to actually hangin your ass over the edge. They might be fascinated by the idea of a juicy beer fart contest, but they're physically unable to compete on account of their permanently puckered posterior.

So what were bikers doin invading one of New York's snootiest, high falutinest nightspots, located in the too cool Tribeca section of Lower Manhattan no less? It was theme night that's what, and betcha can't guess what the "theme" for that night's bash was. You got it . . . motorcycles, specifically Harleys, so the bash was called "Bikes, Trikes, Tits, & Tats." And what better way to lend an air of authenticity to the proceedings than to give everybody

BIKIN' BASH

Story by Grub

Low Ridin' Among The High Hats At Area



who rode in on a Hog free admission.

Many well known bikers and clubbers made the event after the organizers came to Iron Horse lookin for a hand in the publicity end, and the Wolfman was only too happy to volunteer his services. The fact that his recruiter was five foot two, blond and had a fine publicity end herself only made his decision that much easier. Thanks to the Wolfer, a complete line of biker activities was lined up for the unsuspectin patrons, everything from a sea of Rolling Rock brew to a cherry wap-a jap.

It was my job to deliver a replacement tape of "Scooter Trash" as the VCR and tape took a hike the afternoon of the bash. "Scooter Trash" is one of them dirty biker videos which seem to be proliferatin these days, but the only one that features genuine Iron Horse covergals in some very interesting positions. They're so damn interesting, in fact, that some culture vulture, who obviously knew high art when he saw it absconded with the goods. Ah well, thievery is the sincerest form of flattery and I made sure that the bros wouldn't miss one single edifyin, upliftin moment of the flick's non stop action by bravin' a gulley washer that drenched the Manhattan cow trails. Lucky for my ass, the only two things that stayed dry were my points and the tape. I backed the trusty Pooper Glide into a healthy line of bikes in front of Area and headed inside to the party.

The first thing that hit my unfocused eyes was the unreal sight of Tattoo Danny puttin the ink to some punk chick's bald noggin, who incidently won that night's door prize for the best impersonation of an Auschwitz corpse. She beat off some pretty stiff competition from the staff and patrons, since most of the non bikin folks seemed to be real subterranean types who looked like they just stepped out of an Egyptian tomb and into a pro choice poster for anorexia nervosa. Shit, to top it off, ya never saw so many tough guy acts outside of a Bogart flick, with all these pale, bony punkers weighted down with their leather, chains, studs and spikes. That violent image they love to project unreeled in a hurry as they began to rubbed shoulders with some real honest to God ass kickers.

I threaded my way through the cave fish lookin for the Rollin Rock stash when it occurred to me that there was quite a bumpercorp of finely bred female forms flashin their goods to

MIKE'S BAND

They come out of Brooklyn led by Mike Mittenberg on his 1984 Police Special — that's the one with the wild boar's head on the front fender. Mike's into hogs, ya see. Even the littler ones — he's also got a '66 Sporty. Mike started playing in 1978 with a band called The Bros. with a song called "Please Don't Call Me Bro" as their theme song.

Now, with this tight new band, Mike does "My Hog," about his bike and the feeling ya get from riding. As with all their songs, ya find the lyrics and music is down ta earth and completely rockin.

Besides Mike, the band includes Phil Grande on guitar, who's done a lot of work with bands like Scandal and Blue Oyster Cult; Pat Cowden on drums; Greg Gerson on bass, who's worked with Billy Idol; and Allan Landon, who co-writes the songs with Mike, on keyboards.

Cassettes of "My Hog" and other tunes by Mike's Band are available for $4 postpaid from:

FIS
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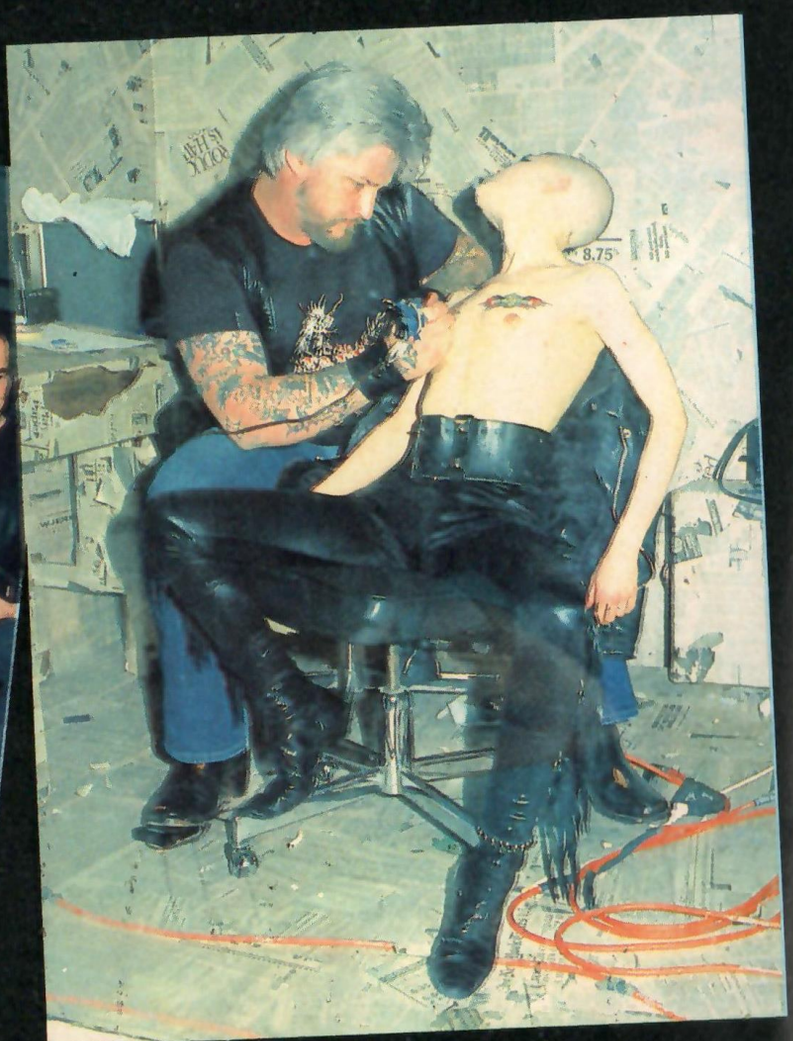
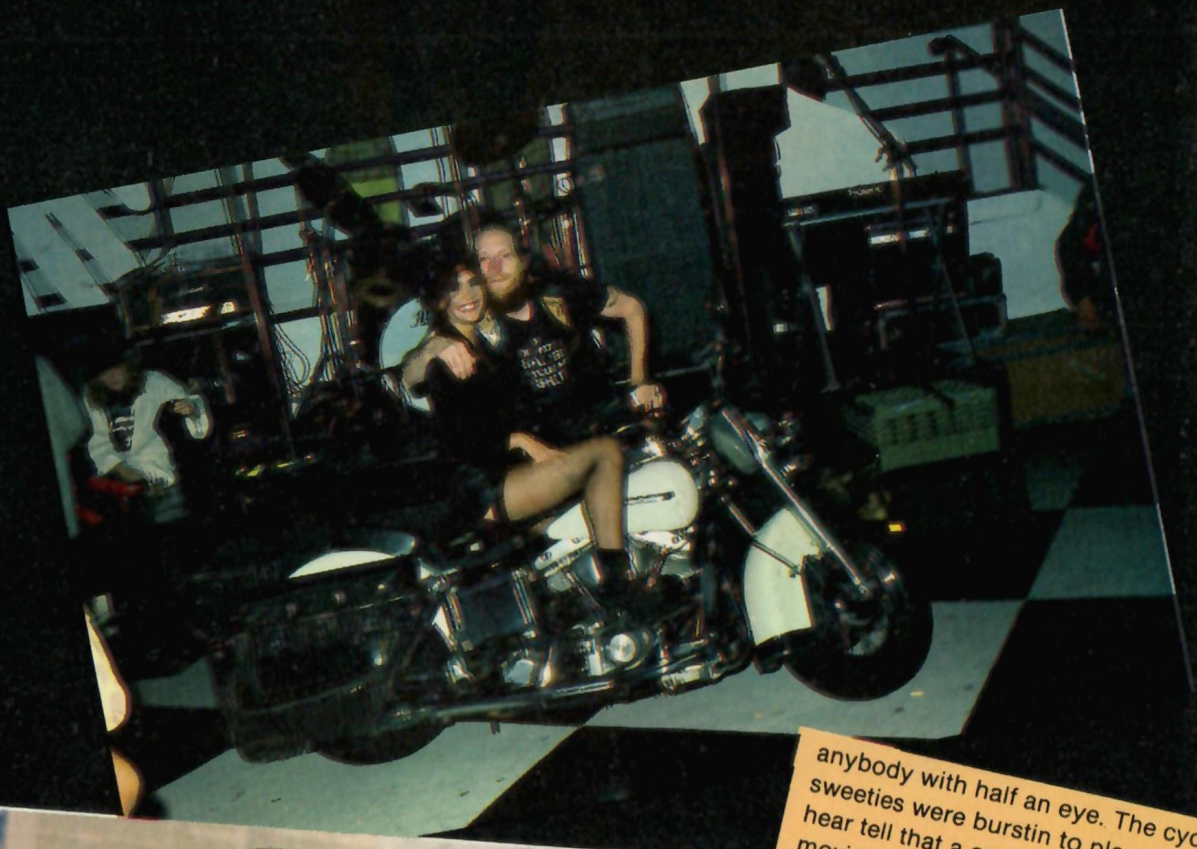
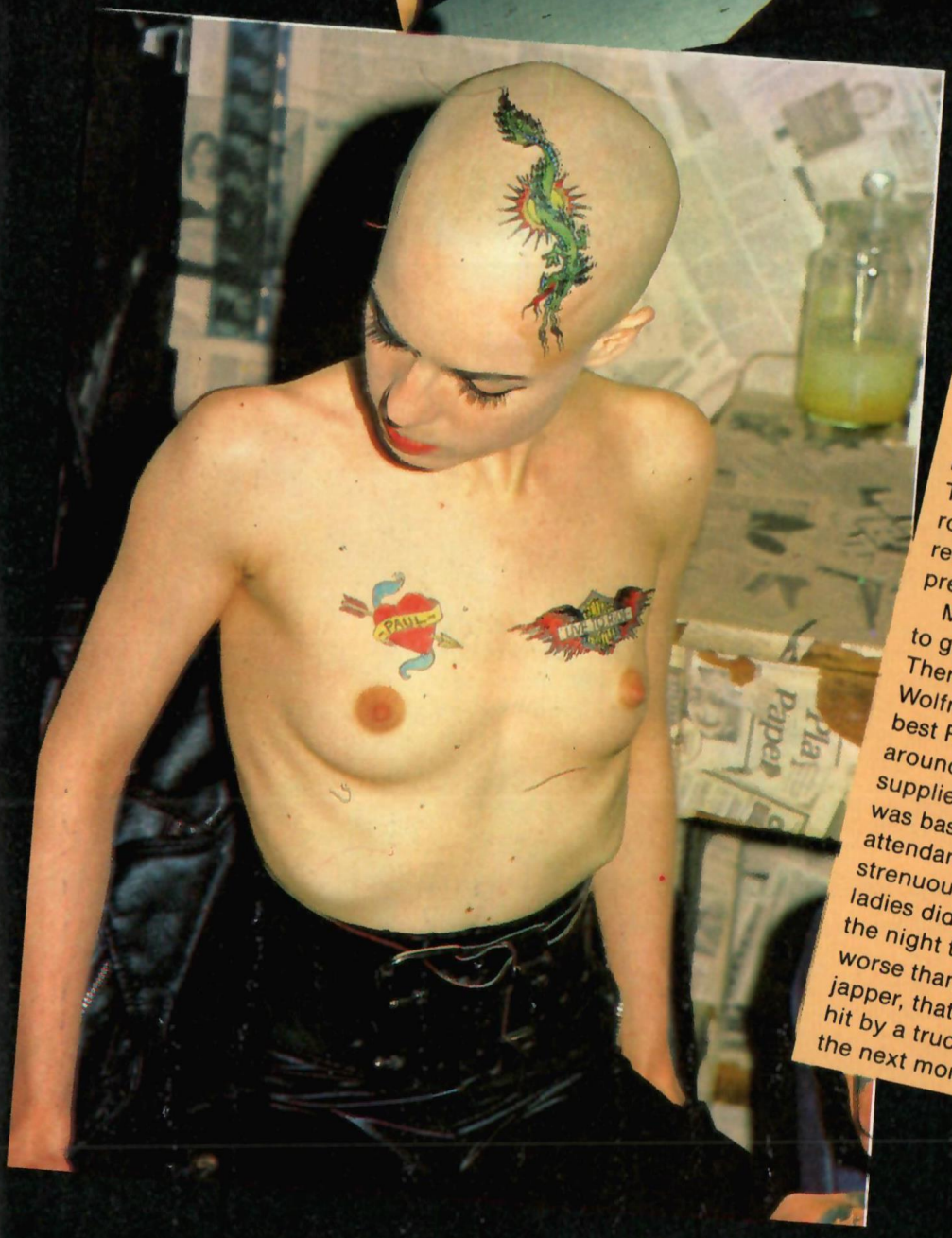
East Meadow, NY 11554







anybody with half an eye. The cyclin sweeties were burstin to please and we hear tell that a certain teen heart throb movie star was cornered in a water closet by a bikin babe who claimed that he would have to do even though she preferred Chester and Festus. Lucky Greenhog, a former Iron Horse covergal (Feb. '85) was shakin her buns to the tunes of Mike's Band, a rockin group from Brooklyn, and the wall to wall to female flesh was undulatin en masse. You'll be seein and hearin more from these popped tarts in future issues of this rag as well as an upcoming I.H. Year Book Special.

Seein Luck's fine ass reminded me of her virtuoso performances in "Scooter Trash" and I headed to the screenin room where Charles Gatewood's video record of Daytona '86 had just premiered.

Mission accomplished I proceeded to get lubed and enjoy the scenery. There was a great slide show that Wolfman slapped together from the best Runnin Free shots layin loose around the office debris. Sal the Ghost supplied the nearly new jap bike which was bashed mainly by the femmes in attendance, the bros preferin the least strenuous art of elbow bending. The ladies did their best but by the end of the night the ringding didn't look any worse than any other road goin NYC japper, that is to say it looked like shit hit by a truck and that's just how I felt the next mornin.

LOOKIN' BACK
LOOKIN' BACK
LOOKIN' BACK

1947

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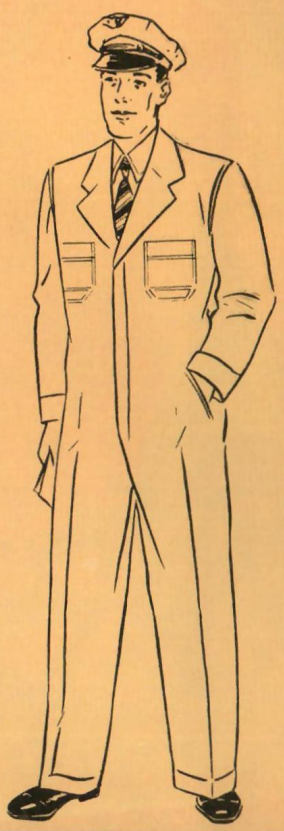

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HARLEY-DAVIDSON

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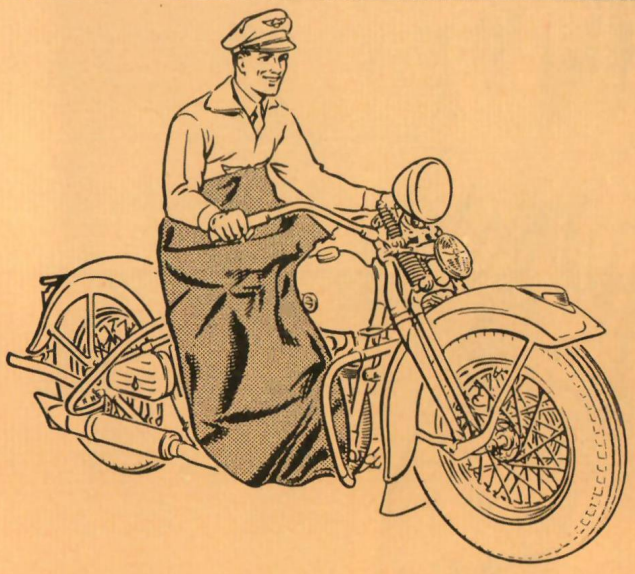
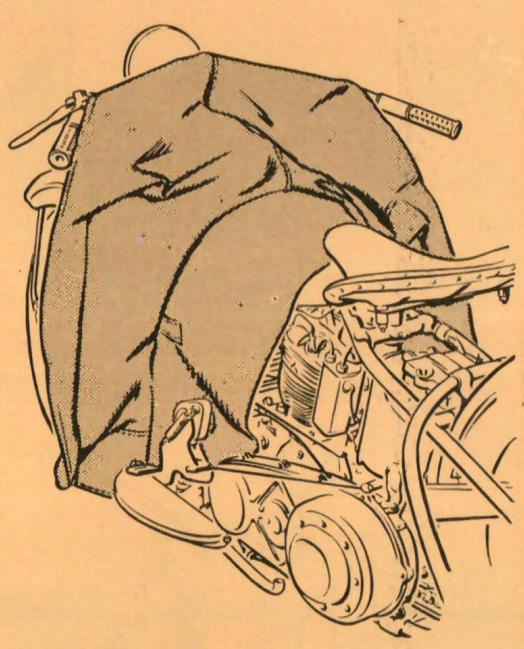


LAP APRONS

Nothing Better for Inclement Weather



Riders who do any amount of riding in rain or other inclement weather will appreciate one of these dandy waterproofed fabric lap covers. Strong, durable and practical. Will give ample protection to legs and feet from wind and rain as well as splashing. This lap cover can be snapped on or off, rolled up and stored in the sidecar or saddlebags, in a few moments. Illustration at the right shows how the lap apron's construction protects the riders feet, legs, and body from updrafts, splashes, etc., yet does not in any way interfere with the operation of the controls.

			Code
11320-X	Lap Cover, fits all models.....	$9.50	bejam

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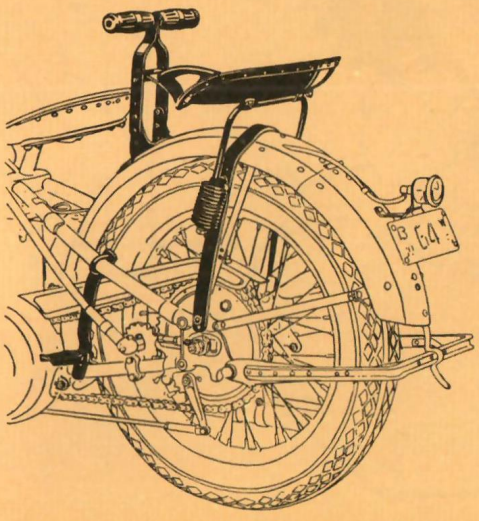
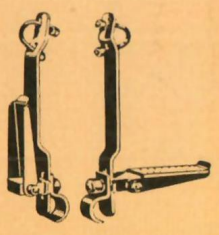


Although the Buddy Seat is universally accepted as the ideal method of carrying an extra passenger on a motorcycle, the Harley-Davidson tandem still has its champions. This tandem seat centers over the rear axle and is adjustable up or down. Spring tension is adjustable and affords the passenger a smooth ride. Passenger has ample room for legs and in no way interferes with the driver. Foot rests are included.

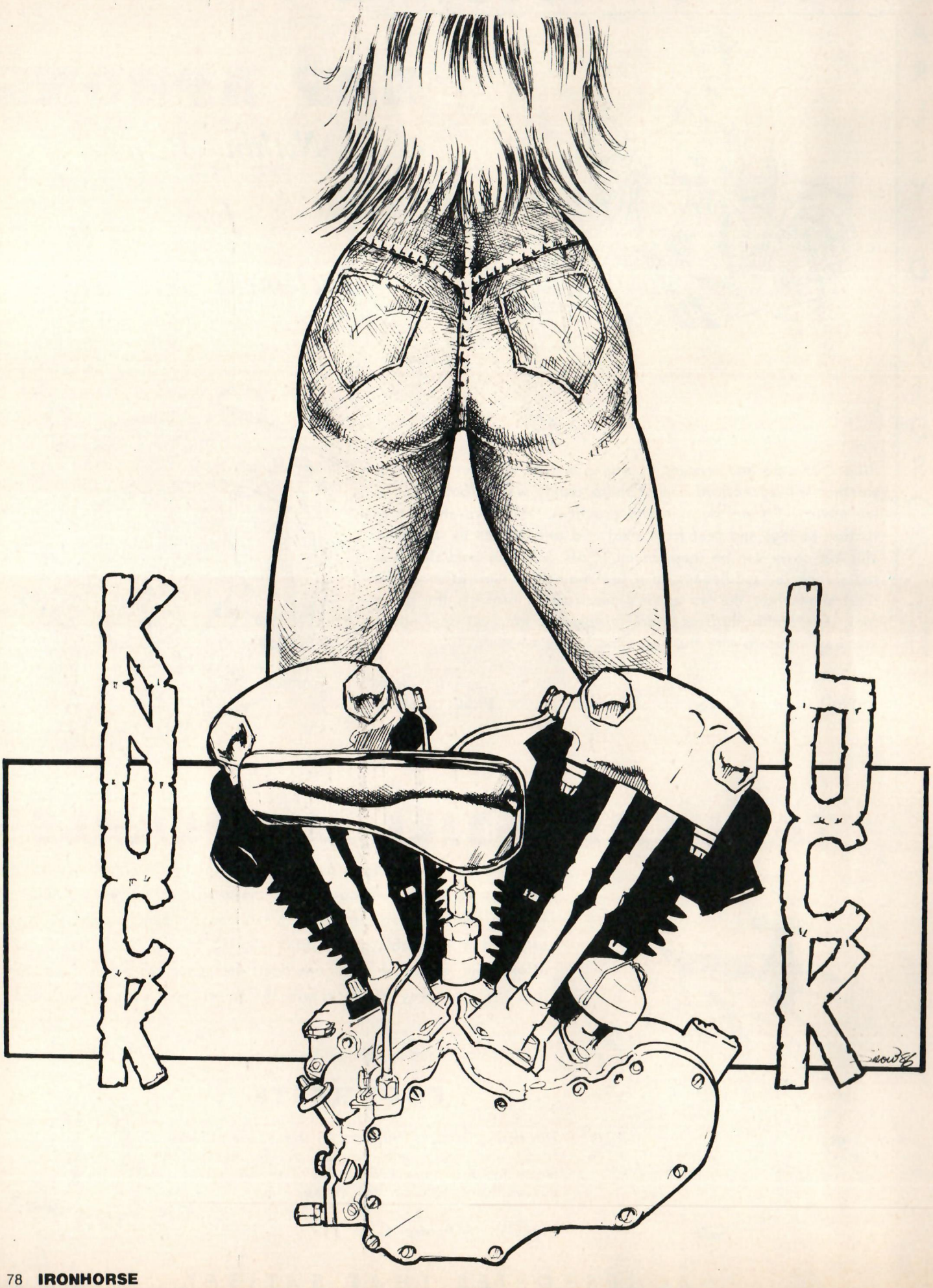
			Code
11235-36	Tandem, complete—all models	$20.00	elkog

FOOTRESTS



The strong, folding footrests, as shown, are adjustable to fit any model and provide a safe, comfortable place for the passenger's feet. Can be folded up, out of the way, when not in use.

			Code
11286-30	Footrests, per pair	$3.15	belet


KNUCK
KNUCK

KNUCKLEHEAD LUCKY

by Ed Sawyer

It never ceases to amaze me how a nice simple plan can get really fucked up without even trying.

When it started, I was just figuring to cruise around town on my old stroked Knucklehead. I was gonna have a couple of beers, shoot some pool, check the action maybe get lucky, then go home and hit the sack.

I had a few bucks in my jeans and the scoot looked slick. I was sure I'd run into something. I felt like I was going to score, I was bound to be lucky. It felt like one of those times when you're playing blackjack and split a pair of aces and you know you're gonna hit a ten on both of them.

Mostly I run on luck anyhow. Between the age of the scoot and the age of me, I need about all the luck I can get.

Hey bro, without luck what in hell is going to keep your ass in one piece when every second cage on the road is being operated by a certified idiot who can't see anything smaller than an eighteen wheeler, those walking antiques who don't think twice about making left turns in front of all the rides on the highway.

Anyhow, I've always had my share of the luck. I guess you could say I had lots of luck last night too, even though you'd have to say most all the luck I had last night was pretty fucking bad.

Andy's Beer Barrel & B.B.Q. ain't nothing like fancy. It's a fair size shit-kicker hangout in a small-size one horse town about forty miles east of Dallas in the great state of Texas. The parking lot out in front of Andy's should qualify as one of the last hold-outs of the great dust bowl. I wouldn't even have rolled into the place, wanting to keep the dust off the scoot but I saw a couple of other Harleys pulled up close to the entrance door so I figured "What the hell, let's say hello ot the bros". There was one of those bug electrocution lights hanging by the front entrance and it put me in mind of "Old Sparky", the state of Florida electric chair. That bug frier was going zap-zap-zap with big old beetles and moths just shoving each other out of the way to get at it. The dust underneath the thing skruntched as I rolled over it, all those damned dumb dead fried bugs.

I parked.

it took trying a couple of different spots to find one hard enough to keep the scoot stand from sinking out of sight in the sand.

Into Andy's I went.

Like about ten thousand other road-house beer joints all over this not anymore so great land of ours, Andy's was a half-dark, half-smoked, half-too damn noisy place about half full of half-assed ass-holes. I always get that impression when I walk into one of

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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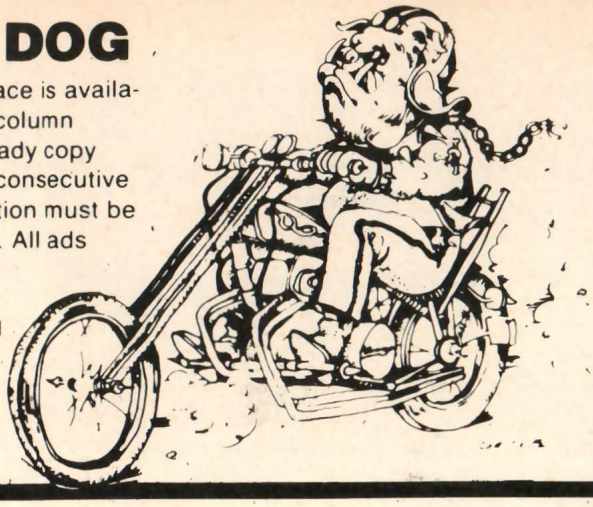

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these places but after I get to know some of the people hanging out there, I seem to find they're not so bad after all. There's usually somebody interesting to shoot the shit with, have some laughs and down a few brews.

My first impression as I walked into Andy's was to turn around and walk right back out. As usual, my thirst overpowered my good sense feeling that I ought to leave that joint far behind me. It was probably all that dust out in the parking lot that had me thinking I needed a cool one.

Now, Pearl, for any of you who may not know it, is a fine example of Texas taste. I had a quick one to settle the dust in my pipes and a second one slow to enjoy while I surveyed the surroundings.

The bar in Andy's was a kind of squared-off oval with an island in the middle where the liquor bottles were lined up row behind row almost up to eye level.

The bartender was big. I mean, for a red headed Momma, she was big and she had big tits and a real fine ass and she was wearing tight shorts and a halter top that had definitely been designed for a woman who weighed twenty pounds less and stood three inches shorter. I mean she was big and she looked solid and she was well put together.

When she brought the change back from my second beer, I asked her name.

"Shirley. What's yours?"

"Billy," I said, "but everybody calls me Whiz."

"Whiz, that's a weird name, how'd you get it?"

"How come I'm called Whiz is a long crazy story, Shirley. I'd love to tell you over a six pack sometime down the road a little bit. Who's riding the Harleys parked out front?"

"A couple of regulars. They split awhile ago in somebody's car. They'll probably be back before closing time. Hey, you're not The Man, are you?"

I looked that beautiful big redhead in the eye and started to unbutton my shirt. I showed her the prettiest tattooed Harley emblem, shield and wings she'd ever seen, all across my chest.

"Now tell me Momma, does that look like The Man to you?"

"Well", Shirley did a long look at the tattoo and said, "No sir. Whiz, that sure as hell don't look like The Man at all, but it looks pretty good. Have you got any others?"

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Being naturally quick I answered with something really bright like "Let's talk about it later, Gorgeous."

Shirley winked and took off down the bar to look after some other drinkers.

I settled back to take a better look around at the folks seated at the bar and in the booths around the back. I'd just about made up my mind that the pickins in Andy's Beer Barrel, except for the bar maid Shirley, were on the thin side of from slim to none when I spotted a flash of light blond hair and a bright red blouse in the last booth way off to my left over on the back side of the bar.

Well now, I though to myself, a man might just want to wander around there and get the lay of the land; in a manner of speaking.

The men's room was off to the right from where I was sitting but I walked to the left anyhow and circled the bar. This direction took me past the juke box and the booth with the blond haired lady.

No shit, Dick Tracy, the blond was all alone and there weren't any beer bottles or glasses on the table except right in front of the lady herself.

Whiz old buddy, I thought to myself, your luck is hanging in great.

The john was about like you'd expect in a joint like Andy's. Thre must be a lot of guys with good intentions and damn bad aim. I'm sure as hell glad I don't go barefoot. The grime on the sink was about thick enough to slice off and the mirror was shiny as a camouflaged army ride.

I pissed, combed my hair as much as could in that poor excuse for a mirror and headed back out to try to maneuver the lone blond lady in the booth. Being my usual smooth talking self, I said:

"Hey there Pretty Momma, if you tell me your favorite tune on the juke box I'll spin it for you."

"Huh?"

"I mean, would you like to dance with a dude who's guaranteed to have two left feet?"

Sure ... err no ... er ... what'd you say?"

That seemed to me to be about as close to an invitation as I was likely to get, so I slid into the booth opposite to the blond and flagged down a waitress.

I ordered us a couple of beers, the blond was drinking some expensive German brew. She looked as though she'd be worth the price of champagne if that's what it took to get her friendly.

At first I thought this Momma is stoned and having a hard time getting it together, but after we talked some I realized she'd just been so deep in whatever she'd been thinking about that she hadn't even heard what I thought was my clever come on.

We passed some small talk, danced a few dances and had another pair of beers. Her name was Elizabeth, she said, but everybody called her Betts.

Around eleven-thirty Andy's was swinging pretty good and Betts and I were holding pretty tight on the dance floor. she wasn't wearing a brassiere. She said she was twenty-seven and she could have been thirty. Her tits pushed right out in her bright red slippery blouse. I could see the outline of her nipples through the cloth and I was getting horny as a goat.

"What say we go for a little scooter ride in the moonlight, Baby?"

She didn't stop to think about it long, but she made me promise I'd bring her back to Andy's before closing time. She thought a scooter ride would be a trip.

I paid up our tab, told Shirley we'd be back in a while went outside with Betts and climbed aboard the old Knuckle. I silently cursed out the busy-assed bastards who came up with the helmet law cause it cut out all of the kissing Betts could have been doing on the back of my neck.

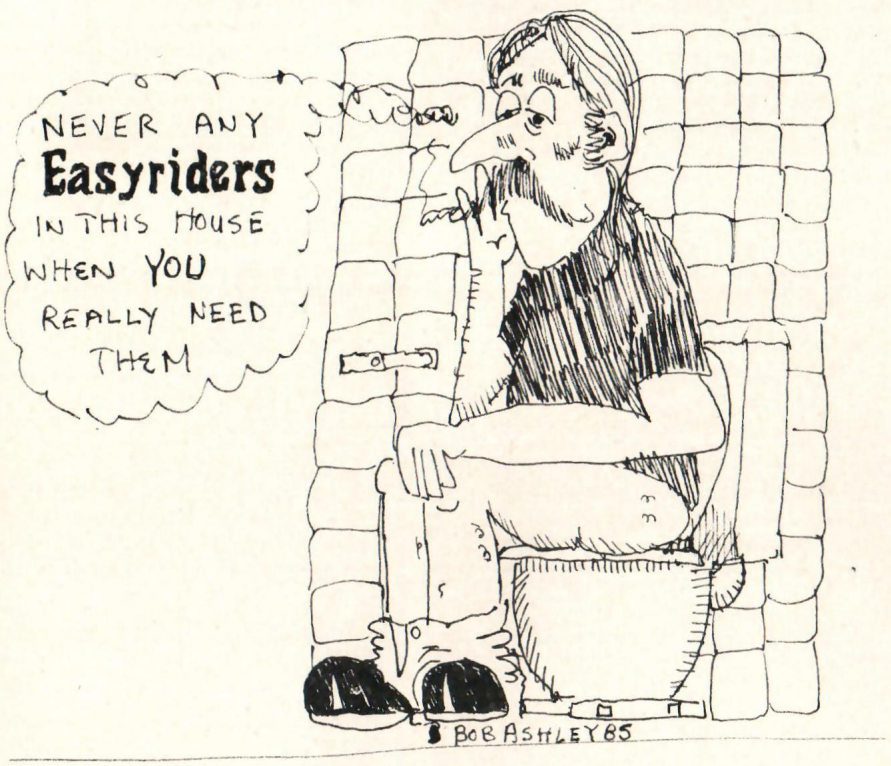
Betts' skirt was hitched up pretty tight on her thighs and just about as soon as we got cruising down the road my left hand was cruising up and down her leg. I kept on soft stroking her thigh and it seemed like the higher up her leg I got, the tighter to me she was hugging. She was holding real tight by the time I discovered she wasn't wearing any panties.

It did not take us a whole lot of time to find a nice spot to park the scoot and spread the blanket. The next thing spread was pretty and all natural blond. The ride kept getting better even off the Harley.

"Oh man" she said, "is that why they call you Whiz? Cause you're a wizard with the ladies."

"No Honey, but it's damn nice of you to say."

We lay there in our blanket-sized clearing in some farmer's uncut hay field with the moon bright enough to see that see was blond and pink all



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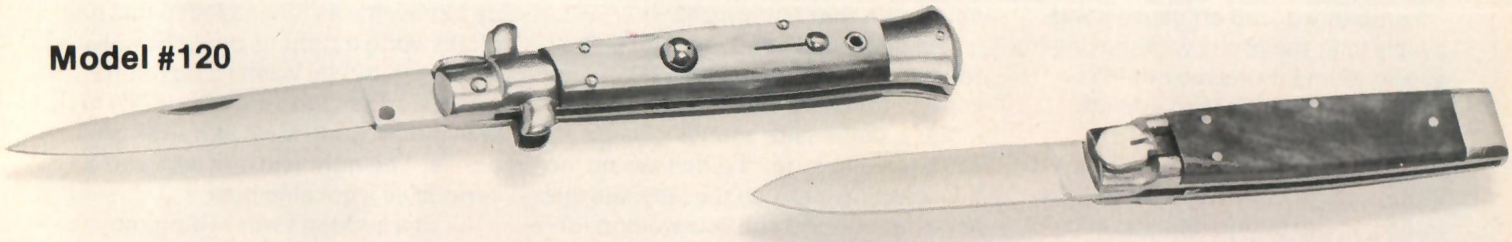

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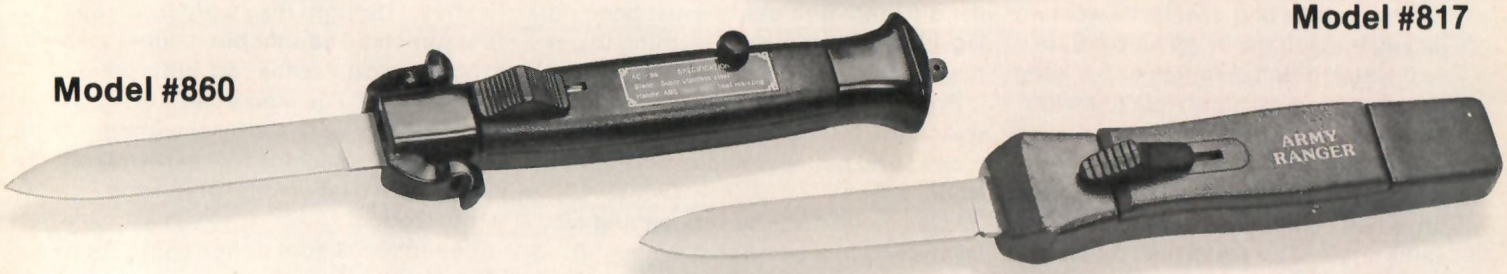

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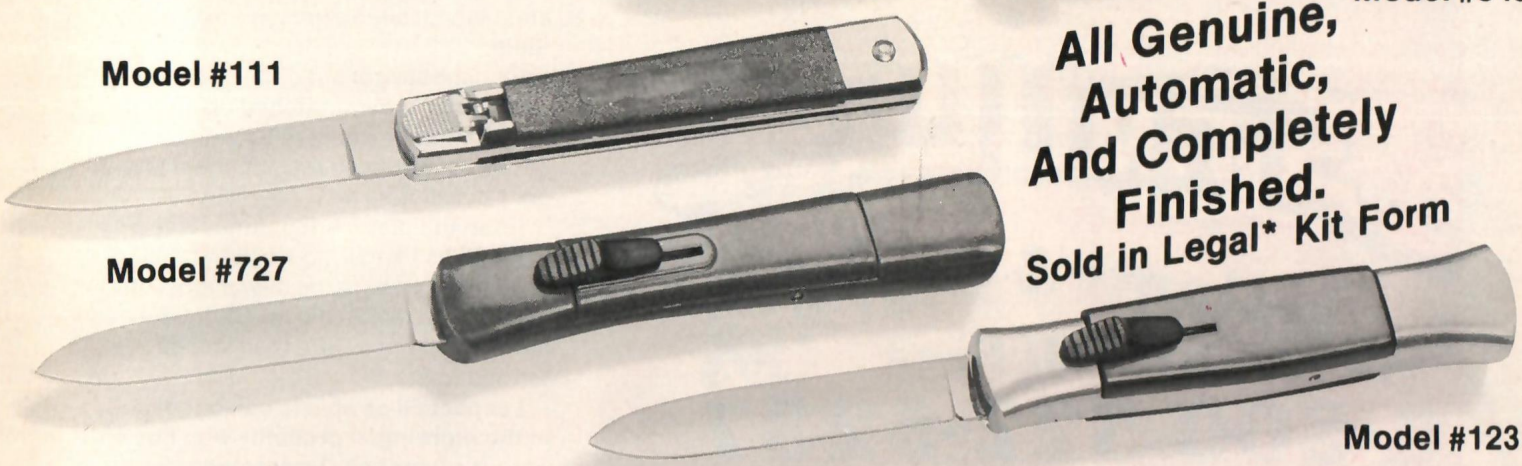

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over. We made it a second time; but now slow and easy and naked as two jay birds.

I probably dozed off cause it was awhile later that Betts was shaking me awake saying it was too cool to be sleeping naked in a field and she needed to get back to Andy's.

We hugged and kissed and played around some more as we dressed. I folded up old faithful blanket and put it in the saddle bag. I let Betts wear my jacket, that left me in my club colors vest which didn't do much about keeping me warm. We slow rode our way back towards Andy's with me congratulating myself on still being one of the world's luckiest bastards and wondering when I'd be able to get next to Betts again. There just ain't much talking to be done riding down the road with helmets on so I didn't get to ask her about a replay over the coming weekend.

When we coasted into Andy's parking lot there were a couple of dudes leaning on the motorcycles still parked in front of the place.

I should have figured the action and smelled trouble when I stopped the scoot and Betts hopped off without a word and lit out for Andy's front door.

"Hey Buddy, what you think you're doing with that Momma?"

The dude was about six foot and solid looking, maybe a little fat but not enough to where it slowed him down.

"Easy, pal" I said, sounding as mean as I could manage. "I didn't see no 'no tresspassing' sign on the lady and she never mentioned she was waiting for her old man. Besides, we just been riding around a little. Ain't nothing to get rowdy about."

Probably I could have avoided a punchout, but I was feeling well-fucked and half invincible. Wrong again.

I was mostly off the scooter and off balance as hell when that sucker hit me up the side of the head. I saw some new and unnamed stars and darkness for a second but I swung off the bike and had a lot of weight in my right fist when I caught the bastard between the eyes.

Something mashed when I hit him and I knew it had to be his nose or my fist or both. He caught me a couple of licks but I was moving pretty good so he didn't connect very hard. His punches weren't hurting much, I was rolling just right. When I saw him open up I knew it was time to finish this one off. I swung a right he could have seen a mile off, but he wasn't a boxer, he was a slugger. I caught the side of his jaw and he went down like a ton of bricks. The right I hit him with was as serious as a cocaine bust.

All of a sudden I was seeing red flashes. I thought they were from the first punch I'd caught but it didn't take long to recognize the red lights were on the top of The Man's car. Two cops were pulling up in a cruiser with the red gumball machine in maxi-rotation on the roof a late model green and white Dodge.

Lee Iococca sure as hell sold a lot of Chrysler products to the law enforcement folks. The Pigs must have been right in the neighborhood to get there so quick and somebody must have called them just as soon as it looked like a fight was coming on.

That was just three hours ago.

Well, the long and short of it is that "Bear", that's the name of the dude I was fighting with, his buddy "Gator", and I are all sitting here in the County Slam.

Our scoots got put on the hook and God knows how scratched up and dented they're going to be when we get out of here and reclaim them at the car pound.

Bear and Gator know some of the same Bros I know, so we didn't really have any call to battle over a loose little Momma like Betts. She didn't belong to Bear anymore than she belonged to me.

I expect I'll be able to bail out of jail in the morning. It probably won't be so easy for Bear and Gator since after The Man got us cuffed they found that Gator and Bear were holding a little weed for personal consumption.

Half lucky for me, my stash was in my jacket and Betts was wearing that when she went back into the bar.

Just as we were getting hauled away to the slam, I saw my pretty new black leather on blond headed Betts' shoulders.

She was walking out of Andy's Beer Barrel and B.B.Q. getting into some beatup old pickup truck. The dude she was with was the wimpiest bastard in the bar. It looked like he was fixing to get lucky too.

And you know, sometimes I wonder just how much of this damn GOOD LUCK I can stand. □

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PAY ATTENTION TO WHAT I AM GOING TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT, if you ever had any money and then suddenly lost it all, you know how I felt. If you don't have any money now or not enough to get by on, you know what I am talking about. It is a **horrible** feeling. My credit was shot, I lost all of my friends and my dreams became nothing more than a dream. The fact of the matter was that I was broke, very broke and that I was going nowhwere fast.

I am not trying to make you feel sorry for me, after all I got out of debt and in the last six months I have bought a brand new Rolls Royce, a boat and a house worth over half a million dollars and I paid for it all with cash, and I don't work more than four hours a day, from Monday to Thursday, best of all I don't have to answer to anyone and I have lots of time to do the fun things I enjoy. I am also NOT trying to impress you with my magic.

MY SUCCESS CAME AS THE RESULT OF MY RESEARCH INTO ALL OF THE THINGS THAT CAUSED ME TO MAKE MONEY PRIOR TO LOSING IT, except I have simplified them and it has only taken me six months to get back on my feet and make more money that I ever dreamed of. Had I not found the way to making money fast, god knows what would have happened to me and my family.

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By now you are probably wondering if, YOU CAN DO IT TO! and frankly my friend it does not matter, what your education, social status, or position in life is, THE ONLY PREREQUISITE TO MAKE MY FORMULA WORK FOR YOU IS. . .THAT YOU HAVE TO WANT MORE MONEY THAN WHAT YOU HAVE NOW. It's Just as simple as that. You can be poor today and in three months from now you can have all the money and properties you want or need and most important of all you will have peace of mind and financial security for you and your family. My secret will change your life, and all you have to do is to put it to work for you.

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WHY, YOU MAY ASK, AM I WILLING TO SHARE THIS SECRET WITH YOU? TO MAKE MONEY? Hardly. First I already have all the money and possessions I'll ever need, second I am not looking for anyone to compete with and third, nothing would be more satisfying to me than to find out that with my secret some one else was able to realize their dreams, with this Golden Opportunity and to get in on it quickly. **Besides, when I was flat broke and the world seemed to have come to an end I would have wished to have had some one share a secret like this with me.**

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PROOF

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Finally, let me make this clear. Once you have my book, THAT IS ALL YOU NEED TO GET GOING! I have nothing else to sell you, I got out of misery with it and if I did it so can you. "Your purchase of this extraordinary book is **NOT** a "foot in the door" to get you to buy some other expensive "course" or whatever. . .My book is all you need from me, and you'll be on your way.

As you can tell by now, I have come across something pretty good. I believe I have discovered the sweetest-big-money-making secret that you could ever imagine. **And remember I guarantee it.**

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TATU U

A skin inker's elite putt

Words by Top Hat

Photos by W.W.

Sometimes the way this rag is run makes ya wanna start actin like Smokey the Bear and crush some butts out, if ya get my drift. No sooner do I finish the story on Mike Boog's eighty-incher (elsewhere in this issue), and I mean I had just carved all them immortal words into stone, brushed the dust off my boots, and kicked back with a cold six of foamy congratulations beside me when the Wolfman stalked up and dropped another heap on my desk. Flippin through the flicks, I began to feel a small ache down around my back pocket. And it weren't because my wallet was too fat. By the time I was done the little ache was a full-tilt pain in the ass.

Which is pretty normal around here. It wasn't til I started talkin with Kevin Cronin, who belongs to this trick Wide Glide, that I copped the Smokey the Bear attitude. See, Mike Boog works for Kevin, inkin skin at Fantasy Illustrations in St. Paul. Knowin that ahead of time woulda made my job so much easier that I could have blown this sideshow early and grabbed a three-day weekend — I'm way overdue for a good hundred and eighty degree bender. Course, by the time I realized all that, the Wolfman had

escaped on a rope of bedsheets for his own three-day weekend.

Talkin to Kevin made it a little better — ya can't help but enjoy rappin with a true bro, and Kevin's a Harley man right down to his fingernails. He started out at age 13 with a 1961 H-D 250, blastin around the south Louisiana dirt. That little 250 gave him a good breakin in for a lifetime of the real thing. "It was a beast," he said. "It didn't have a kicker, and I had to push it to get it started ... but it was torquey as hell." He kept the citizens around Baton Rouge awake with that two and a half, even though it was a bitch riding at night with the bugs and alligators.

Now, many moons and miles later, Kevin's personal Harley fleet includes a Sportster, a '68 FL, a stock '81 Wide Glide, the jewel ya see here, and, for the sake of his roots, a Sprint.

A Sprint? "Hey," he said, " if more people had bought them we'd still be able to get them."

Um, sure.

For guys with only one choice in the garage, havin that much iron around sounds like a dream. I can see myself doin the eenie meenie miney moe routine — and then doin it over again if it came up Sprint. Kevin says it ain't like that. The Tatu U is his main scoot. "I ride the piss out of it," he said. "I mean, it's hard to get on a stock Wide Glide when you have this sitting next to it." Especially since, aside from lookin as good as a million in small unmarked bills, the Tatu U runs trouble-free.

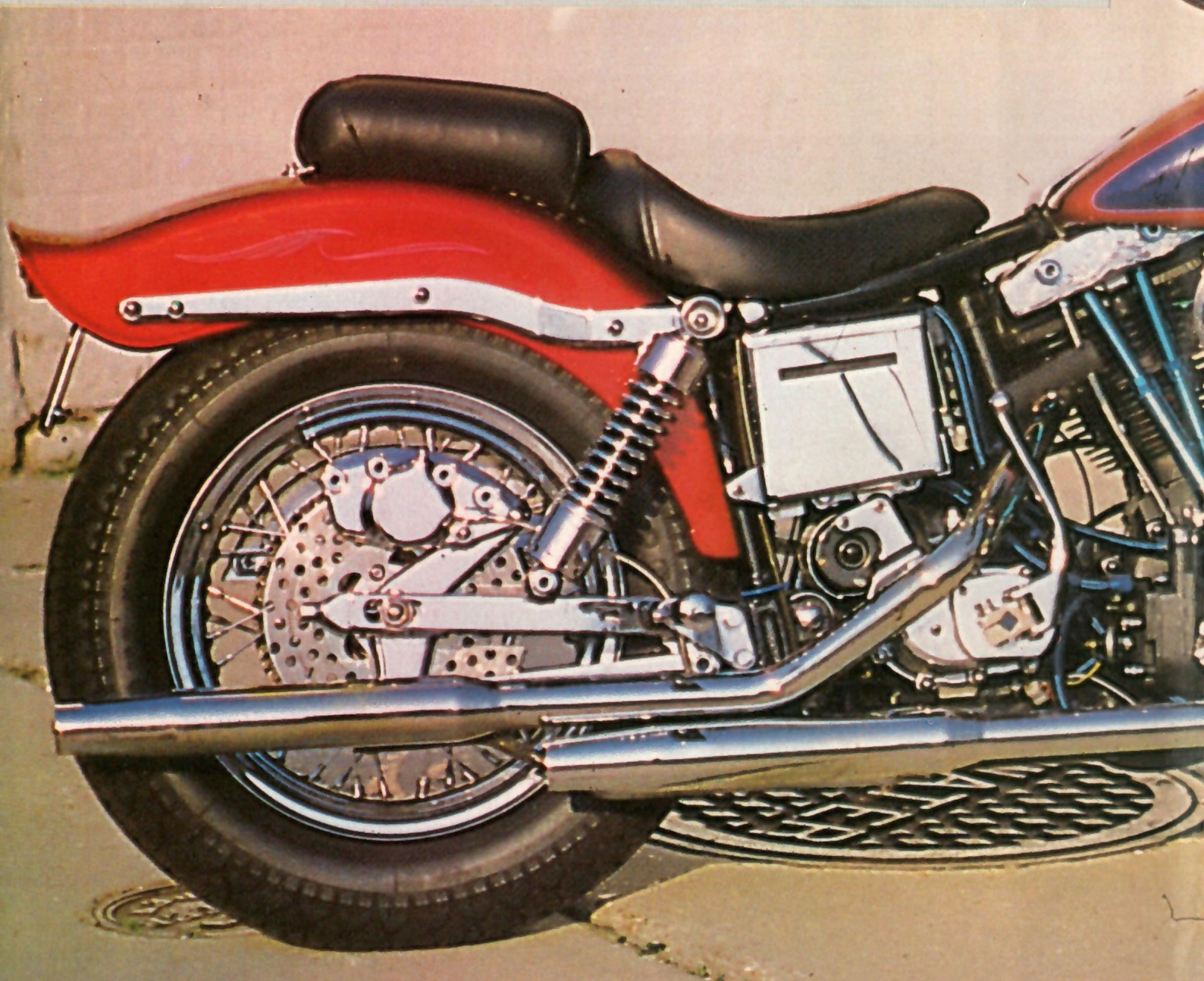
Kevin hasn't touched the engine, except to do more pretty work, since he bought it. "I never have to work on it. I can ride it and enjoy it."

He got the Tatu U mostly the way ya see it now. "All I did was pretty it up," he said. Now, sometimes it sounds kinda punk when ya hear a dude say something like that, but when it comes from a bro with as many busted wrench-knuckles and as many Milwaukee miles behind him as Kevin's got, ya gotta know that his dues have all been paid. He was in the right place at the right time, and knew enough to make a good bike even better.

He had the striping, some of anodizing, the seat, and the gold inlay done, along with tons of detailing. Ya sure the fuck can't argue with the results, not when it's a scoot that looks this good and runs like a watch too, It's nothing short of American perfection. I don't care what the fuck they call it, there never has been and never will be a Japazookisaki that comes close. And ya can take that straight to the bank.

While I was silently pissin and moanin about bein overworked and underbeered, Kevin was complainin about his tattoo work cuttin inta his ridjn time. Must be especially bad since Mike's out of commission from havin pegged his hand, I said. "Oh yeah," Kevin said. "We enrolled him in a gun safety course the next day. I even paid for it. He didn't think it was too funny. In fact he didn't have any sense of humor about it at all."

I'm not sure I woulda had one either. □



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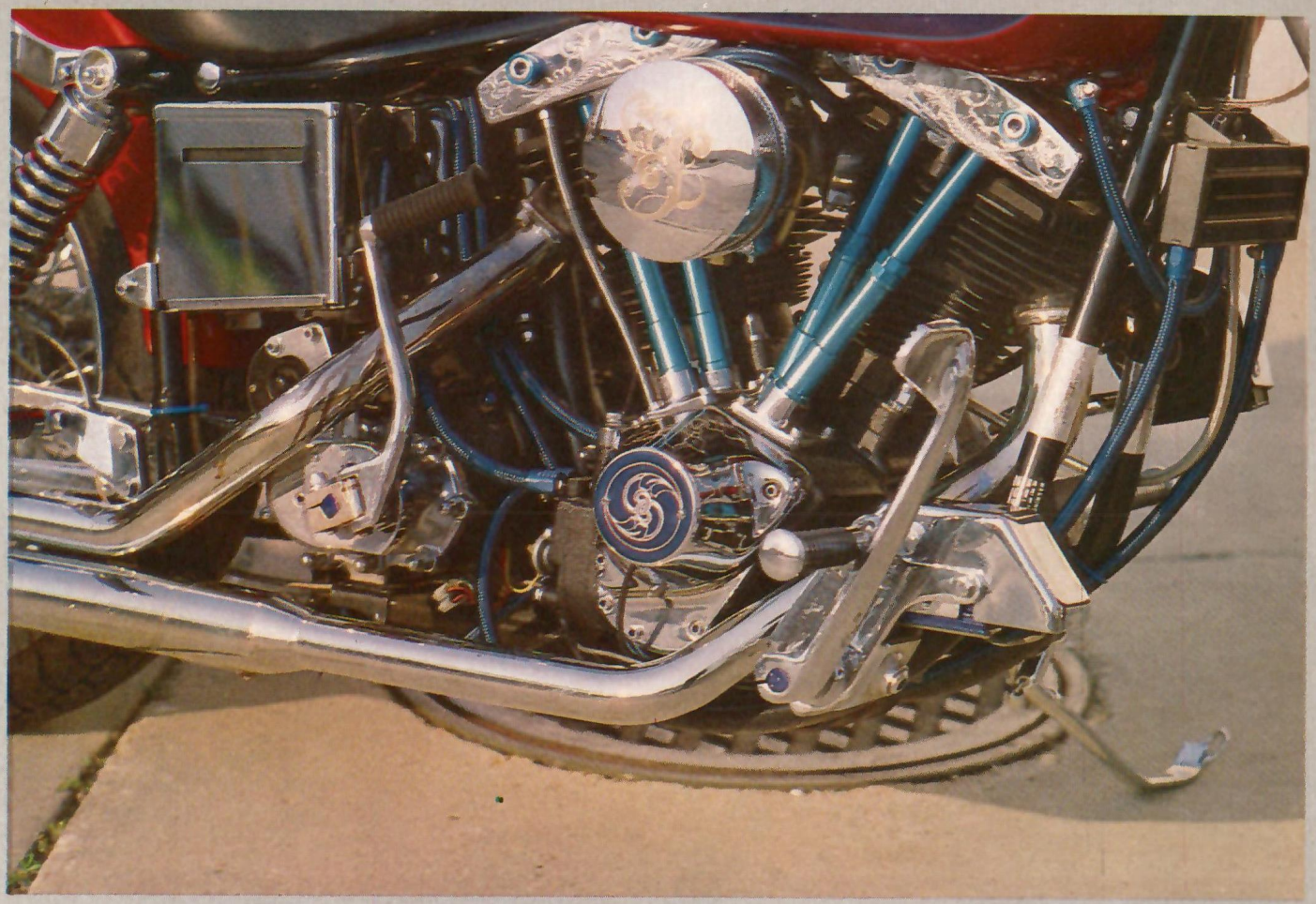

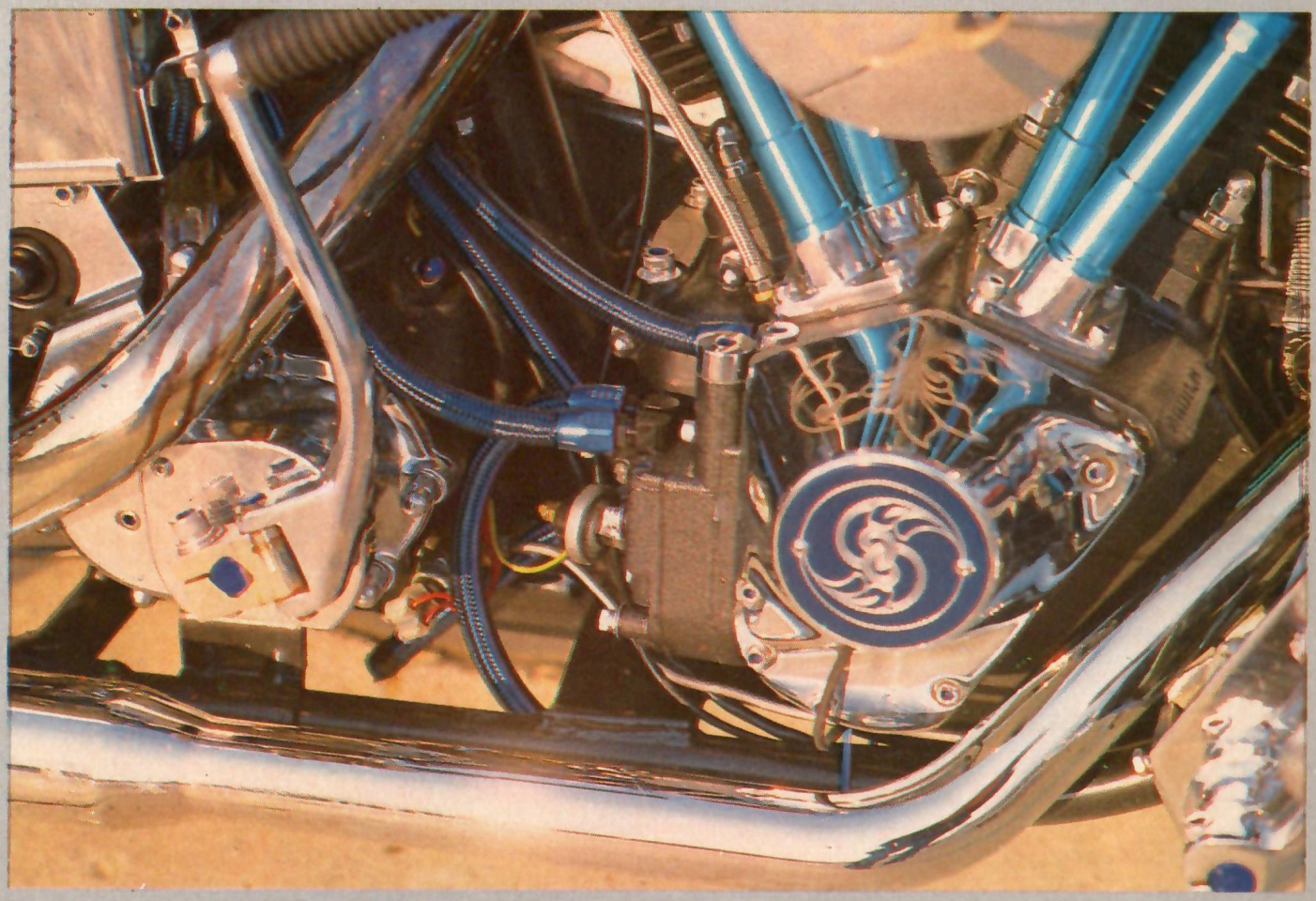

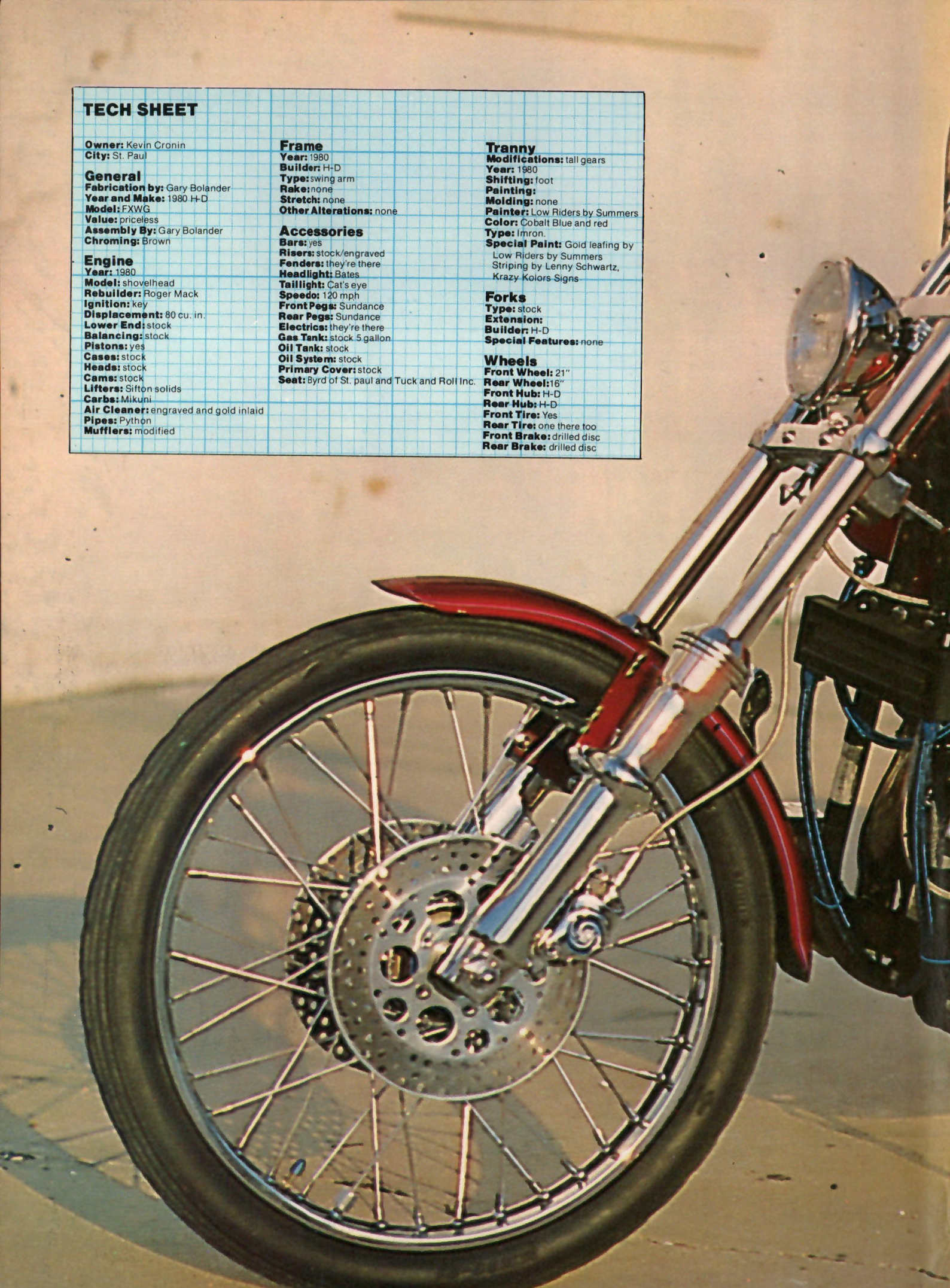

TECH SHEET

Owner: Kevin Cronin
City: St. Paul

General
Fabrication by: Gary Bolander
Year and Make: 1980 H-D
Model: FXWG
Value: priceless
Assembly By: Gary Bolander
Chroming: Brown

Engine
Year: 1980
Model: shovelhead
Rebuilder: Roger Mack
Ignition: key
Displacement: 80 cu. in.
Lower End: stock
Balancing: stock
Pistons: yes
Cases: stock
Heads: stock
Cams: stock
Lifters: Sifton solids
Carbs: Mikuni
Air Cleaner: engraved and gold inlaid
Pipes: Python
Mufflers: modified

Frame
Year: 1980
Builder: H-D
Type: swing arm
Rake: none
Stretch: none
Other Alterations: none

Accessories
Bars: yes
Risers: stock/engraved
Fenders: they're there
Headlight: Bates
Taillight: Cat's eye
Speedo: 120 mph
Front Pegs: Sundance
Rear Pegs: Sundance
Electrics: they're there
Gas Tank: stock 5 gallon
Oil Tank: stock
Oil System: stock
Primary Cover: stock
Seat: Byrd of St. paul and Tuck and Roll Inc.

Tranny
Modifications: tall gears
Year: 1980
Shifting: foot
Painting:
Molding: none
Painter: Low Riders by Summers
Color: Cobalt Blue and red
Type: Imron.
Special Paint: Gold leafing by Low Riders by Summers Striping by Lenny Schwartz, Krazy Kolors Signs

Forks
Type: stock
Extension:
Builder: H-D
Special Features: none

Wheels
Front Wheel: 21"
Rear Wheel: 16"
Front Hub: H-D
Rear Hub: H-D
Front Tire: Yes
Rear Tire: one there too
Front Brake: drilled disc
Rear Brake: drilled disc

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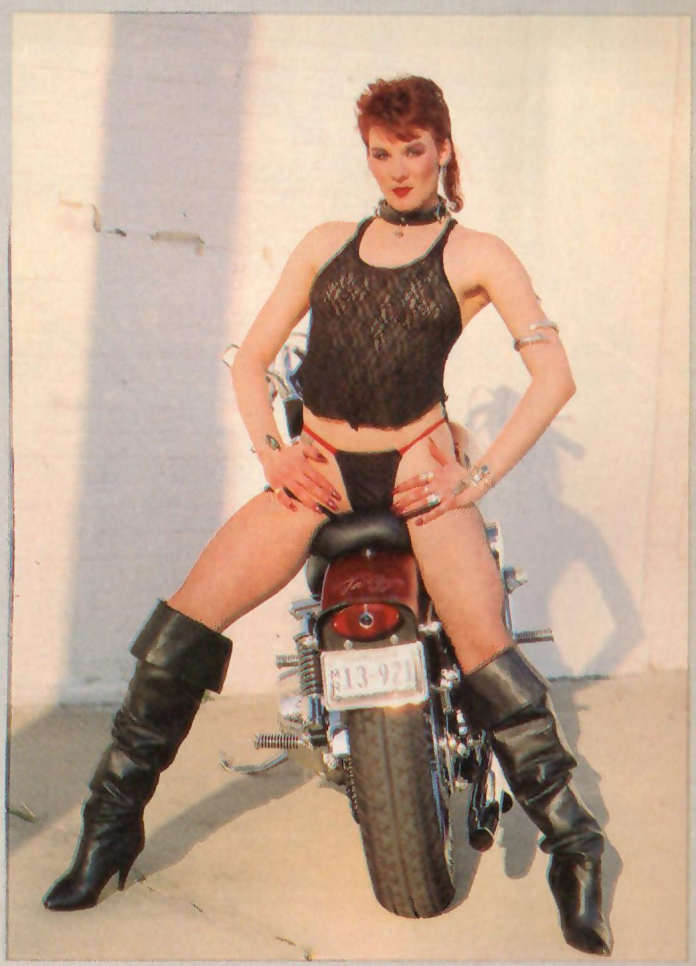

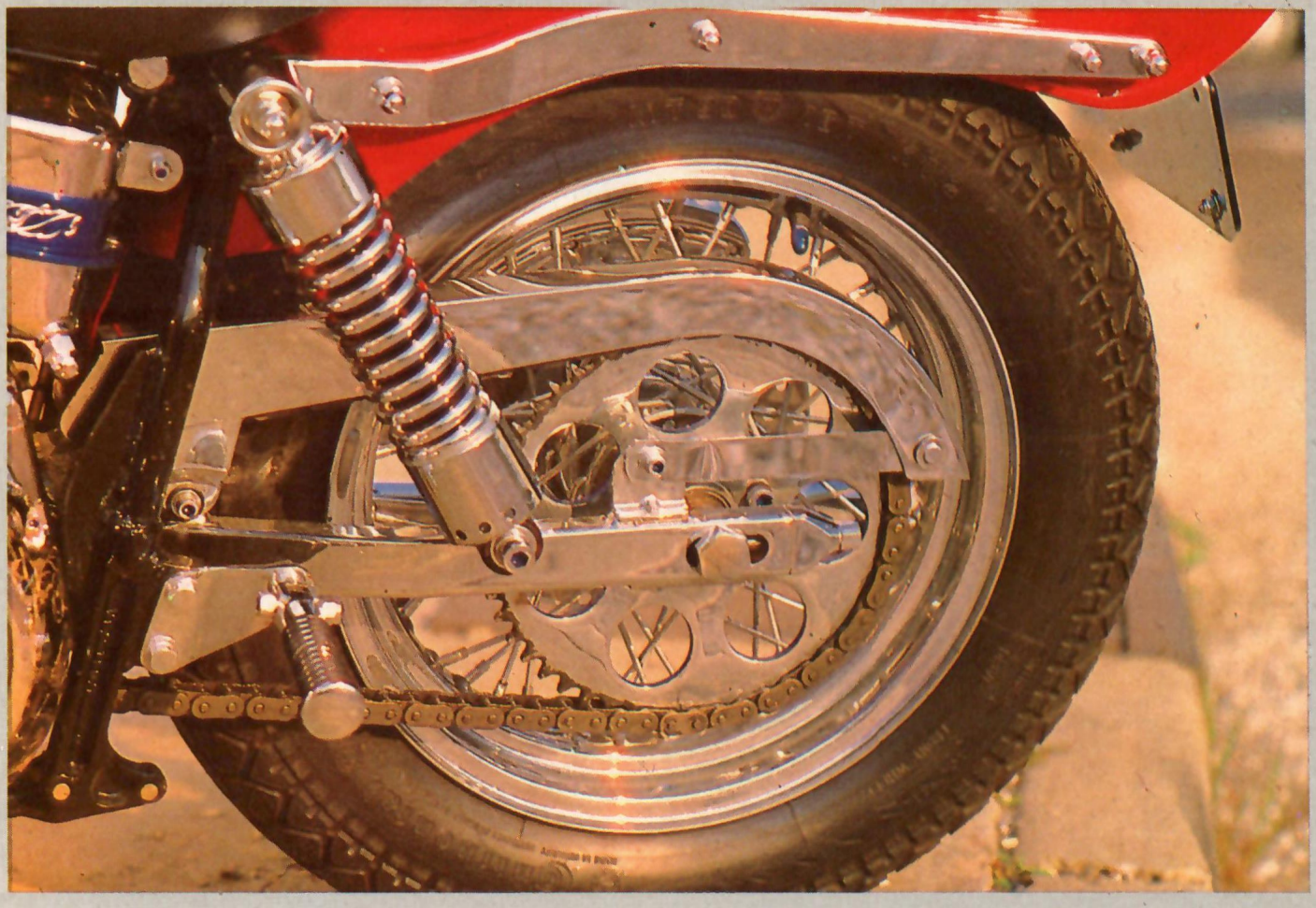

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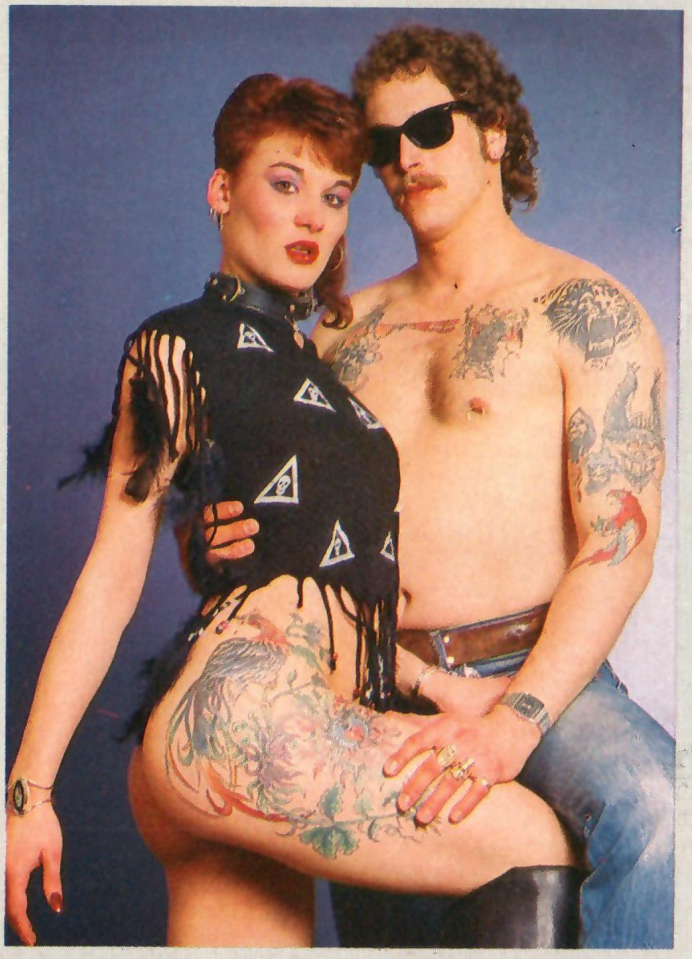

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